

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Two Hundred and Nine Days; or the Journal of a Traveller on the Continent. By THOMAS JEFFERSON HOGG, of the Middle Temple, Esq. Barrister at Law. 2 vols. pp. 670. London, 1827. Hunt & Clarke.

AGREEING, as we do, with a remark which is made somewhere in the course of these agreeable volumes, that it appears that 'the first person who writes a book, does not visit the country which he describes, and that others follow his book, not their own eyes,' we are proportionally pleased at meeting with a traveller who has evidently disdained to trust to any thing less certain than his own peculiar powers of vision; who has thought for himself upon the men and things he has encountered, and who, whatever else he may have to answer for, is at least no copyist.

Though we have heretofore had the pleasure of perusing, in a different shape, much that is now before us, we can conscientiously aver that the re-perusal, rendered necessary by our reviewing responsibility, was a truly delightful task; and that such is the freshness, spirit, and fidelity, of the hurried and hurrying sketches with which Mr. Hogg has favoured us, that we rise from their contemplation with appetite unimpaired, and with an earnest desire that the augmentation of his work, which the writer hints at in his preface, may not be long delayed. Passing over our author's adventures and observations at Bruges, Brussels, Waterloo, &c., we stop with him at Lauffen, where 'we saw the Rhine, as it were, preparing for his fall; then from the pavilion we looked down upon him falling. The spray is blown up to the window, and sprinkled us even before we reached it. It must be difficult for a person not accustomed to snow to believe that it is water; it is still more difficult to conceive that this foam is indeed water. To the eye nothing can be more dissimilar; it seems that there is snow thrown up with immense force from below, and feathers, and steam, and the smoke of a lime-kiln; whilst bursting through them, are rainbows, continually shifting, vanishing, and re-appearing. We went below, and there, from a frail, dripping scaffold, Father Rhine is seen in all his terrors; beautiful with the appearance of danger—that is to say, sublime. The spray comes dashing over you; the waterfall is like a lion springing upon you; you see under him into his beard, and amongst the folds of his mane. To view the cascade alone, in the late evening, or at night, from a stone staircase with an iron railing, (not as at present, from ugly wooden planks,) undisturbed by the thoughts of how much must I give so as not to offer

too little, and yet not to raise the prices; uninterrupted by persons hailing the boat to carry you across, and by the various interpellations incident to a well-organized show-place, would be indeed affecting.

'During my first visit to the Falls of the Rhine, all things that would divert the attention, whether serious or comic, displease; otherwise we should have been amused by a great bold girl, the priestess of the place, who was directing her initiative endeavours against a young gardener, some seven years younger than herself; the buxom hierophant showed no want of holy zeal, but the gawky neophyte was evidently deficient in that courage so indispensably necessary in those who sought to be initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries.

'We crossed the river and viewed the Falls from the opposite side and in the camera obscura. The moving picture was remarkable; but either the state of the light was unfavourable, or a painter who coloured as nature colours in the camera obscura, would not be admired.'

Indulging ourselves in an immense stride, we find Mr. Hogg at Sarzana, 'where we breakfasted on coffee, figs, and eggs fried in oil—the Italian version of eggs and bacon, which, if the materials be good, is an excellent dish. We met some peasant girls with extremely minute hats. We walked about the city, which is neat; the cathedral is a handsome building; the marble altars in the transepts are well carved. Our appearance excited some curiosity, and even disturbed the gravity of a funeral in the cathedral. The Spaniard wore a laced jacket, fastened with points instead of buttons; and his head was smartly tied up in a coloured handkerchief, like a French woman. Of the three Germans, two had blue shirts, the other a brown one, with red leather girdles about their loins; of one the flowing locks were surmounted by a small skull-cap of red velvet: I wore, what perhaps seemed the most outlandish garment of all, an English drab great-coat and a travelling cap, like the other two Germans. The people of the city stared and followed us; at last a tobacconist came out of his shop, and said to me with a civil but somewhat pompous air, "Pray, sir, are you not Greeks?" I answered, "Yes, we are; and I am Homer, the father of poetry." He did not appear to comprehend my reply, but bowed and retired.

'We stopped to look at some object, when a woman of a certain age, but still handsome, whose eyes must have made sad ravages amongst the hearts of the shopkeepers of the place, said to me, for I was lagging behind, "It is a fine day," or something of

the kind, and immediately afterwards, "My dear sir, (caro signore,) pray tell me what you are?" I inquired, "Do you really wish to know?" She answered, "I am already dead with anxiety." "Then, cara signora," I said, "know, that the little man with the embroiled coat is a Spanish apothecary, a good man, and, I believe, clever in his profession; the other three are Germans, for in Germany the students, and in England the butchers, wear those shirts; and I am an unfortunate Englishman." "A thousand thanks! a thousand thanks!" she hastily said; and ran away to swell the triumph of beauty, and tell all over the city a secret, which all the dignity and all the authority of the tobacconist could not draw forth, but which had been instantly yielded up to the irresistible power of her charms.

'We passed Massa, a neat little town, most agreeably situated; the neighbouring quarries of white marble at Carrara are said to be worth a visit, which we could not afford them: we observed fine pieces of white marble applied to the most ordinary purposes. We arrived in good time at Pietra Santa; we explored the neat town, which contains, besides many pretty women, a handsome cathedral and baptistry: after supper we took a cup of coffee in the Café di Dante, an imposing title, and a stern patron for a place of amusement.

'In a double-bedded room, the little Spaniard occupied the other bed, I was amused by the singular manner in which the stranger from the banks of the Guadalquivir disposed himself for rest: having carefully put his hair in papers, like a woman, he lighted a cigar, and getting into his nest, quietly smoked himself to sleep, and thus wafted his fancy in a cloud back to his native Andalusia.

To the many who are interested in *travelling economy*, the following quotation will, perhaps, be acceptable:—

'Friday, Oct. 28, 1825.—I had been told by many travellers, that in Italy it would be imprudent, on entering an inn, to order whatever I wished for, and to trust to the honesty of the innkeeper; that the bill would not be extravagantly unreasonable; but that it was necessary to make a previous bargain for such accommodation as I might desire. The great pleasure of human life is to trust and to be trusted; and this practice was so odious in my eyes, that I was determined to use the course that I had hitherto followed, and not to make a special contract until I was once grossly imposed upon.

'This morning at four o'clock, I thought my hour was come, and that I must henceforth be a regular higglet, and agree before-

hand for the price of my bed and of every morsel I was to put into my mouth. When I asked my landlady what I was to pay for my entertainment, she named a sum that was nearly double the rate at which a traveller, who wished to be well treated, ought to pay: I said to myself, "Now I must begin to make bargains," and laid the money quietly on the table; she took it up and went away.

There was some delay in harnessing the horses; I remained at the table sipping my coffee until I was called: in about twenty minutes the woman returned, and laying down some money before me, was going away; I said to her, "What is the matter—what is this money?" With the air of a penitent making restitution, she answered, "The account will stand better thus," and went down stairs. I found that she had returned about half the sum I had paid her: I thought that this should go for nothing, and that I was absolved once more at least from the unpleasant necessity of driving a bargain. I related this adventure to many persons who had travelled much in Italy; they said it was very remarkable, that they had never met with any thing of the kind, and that they never saw again a piece of money, great or small, that they had once parted with.

If any conduct will inspire honesty, it is the appearance of confidence, for persons will frequently cheat those who manifest distrust, and spare others who seem to confide in them; thus men, who venture boldly into the lion's den, generally come out unhurt. If I were asked whether I would therefore advise any one to pay the lion a familiar visit, I would say, "No, because too much would be staked;" but when the question is, whether five or ten shillings is to be paid, the traveller, who desires to see men and manners, must elect either to make sure of his five shillings, or to risk them occasionally for the sake of a moral experiment; as for our amusement, we play at cards for small sums.

Arriving at Florence, without being aware of it, and desiring the driver to take him to whatever inn he pleased, he finds himself at a dim place, full of vetturini; and, in spite of me, would carry my baggage into a bedroom, which led to an explanation: I immediately rectified my mistake, by ordering my bags to be transported to the Four Nations, and transplanting myself to that hotel. The pompous air with which my passport had been examined at the gate, and with which I was told to stand up, that they might peep into the seat, had not undeceived me; for I had experienced the same impertinence in the most paltry cities; but as soon as I saw the Lungo l'Arno, I recognised the beautiful Florence, and remembered an engraving which I used to look at when a boy, and especially the marble bridge, with three elegant arches; the most graceful bridge I ever saw. I cannot decide whether it is better with the three large shields over the centre of the arches, or would be better without them. To determine the curvature of the arches of the bridge of the Holy Trinity, is a problem which has always continued to exercise the mathematicians, and has never received a satisfactory solution; it is not merely a ques-

tion of scientific and useless curiosity, but a matter of important and practical utility, because the curvature of these arches affords the flattest road-way and greatest water-way, with the least quantity of material, of any stone bridge that was ever constructed. It is, in other words, more of a bridge than any other in the world; and as it is also the most beautiful, it is a striking illustration of the theory—that in proportion as any thing is itself, and essentially answers the end proposed, it is beautiful. Every curve has been chosen for these three arches; they have been shown, by ingenious persons, to be elliptical, catenary, and cycloidal; and a patriotic Englishman maintains, that they are manifestly Gothic pointed arches, of the time of Henry VII., and that the shields, or ornaments at the vertices, seem intended, by the architect, only to veil his obligations to Gothic science.

The first visit of a traveller is to the post-office; however attentive his friends may be, however well he may have pre-arranged his times of arriving, he will, for some reason or other, generally be disappointed. It is a great disappointment; but he who travels, travels to see sights; in this he will be sometimes gratified, in all other things he will most probably be disappointed. How little of a journey is employed in seeing, how much in packing and unpacking, in going from one city to another, or from one part of the same city to another part; in changing money, in bargaining, in waiting for others; about passports, or with custom-house officers: and when you have the sight actually before your eyes, you are tormented by beggars, by rain, wind, or dust; by volunteer guides; or if you take one of the regulars to defend you against other assailants, by his impertinence he will not let you look at it in the right way, and teases you with some petty history of how some king or emperor, some conqueror of Spain, the Duc d'Angoulême, or the Duke of Wellington, once saw it; and what this person, who could not possibly understand it, said thereupon. If travelling really were what it is supposed to be, but what it certainly is not, the seeing of remarkable things, it would be most delightful: but as it is, if taken in moderation, it is improving.

Of the true wonder of Florence, its collection of anatomical models in wax, at the Spegola, we are informed that their number, beauty, and perfection, are astonishing. "All the various systems of the animal economy are exhibited with perfect accuracy, as large as life, and are shown as well as by the most careful dissection: nothing shocks the senses; on the contrary, a certain beauty of imitation and gracefulness in displaying and disposing the parts and limbs, is even pleasing. Some other animals, as well as man, are shown; the anatomy of the cock and hen are well represented; of the lobster, cuttle-fish, silkworm, and of some fishes; and of the gradual growth and progress of the chicken in the egg. It is open every day, freely, to all persons. Some Austrians, private soldiers, were looking at the cuttle-fish; one of them asked me what it was; he did not understand the Italian name; I knew enough of

his language to tell him it was the ink-fish, tinten-fisch; with great glee he immediately inquired, if I could speak German: to be able to speak the language of the country is always a powerful bond of union; but it is, perhaps, no where so great a recommendation as in Germany. I was disappointed in the celebrated representations of the plague; the figures are very small; the whole consists of only three little glass cases; absolute rottenness and rapid decay are well represented; but some intrusive allegorical figures of Time, who ought to be committed as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, greatly injure the effect. A human head, partly dissected, and in a putrescent state, the work of the inventor of this art, Zumbo, is the most extraordinary and the most successful of all the numerous pieces of wax-work; the colouring is marvellous; no imitation can be more perfect.

The more one contemplates the anatomical figures, the more wonderful they appear; I would gladly visit them every day for an hour, until I fully understood the wonderful structure of the human frame. It would be a great advantage to be accompanied by a person who was already conversant with the subject: it would greatly facilitate the acquisition of this interesting portion of knowledge; but it is not absolutely necessary, because each piece of wax-work is illustrated by a corresponding diagram; and wherever this fails, its deficiency might be supplied by a good book. It is said that the figures are imperfect: nothing is perfect. If the errors were pointed out by those who have detected them, the same wonderful skill that made the models could alter what is amiss, remove what is redundant, and supply omissions. Those who have obtained their information by actual dissections, are fairly entitled to compensate themselves for their disgusting labours, by sneering at all other and more facile modes of becoming wise. It may be true, that to make a surgeon, these alone are insufficient; but I do not wish to become a surgeon; I would operate on no man, I would amputate nothing: let all my friends enjoy their limbs in peace for me. I do not undervalue galleries of paintings and statues: all public means of instruction are precious, but such a collection is at least as useful as a museum of antiquities. It would be desirable that a wealthy government should employ competent artists, either in copying these figures, or in modelling others of a similar kind from nature; and, above all things, when the work was completed, that they should be exhibited at all times, to all persons, and with the same laudable facility as these are; for a talent wrapped in a napkin, and buried in the earth, is worthless and useless. I have observed that, in anatomical collections, all the spectators, both ladies and gentlemen, anxiously inquire, since a certain irreparable loss, after the carotid artery.

We need hardly say that we shall recur, with considerable pleasure, to a journal so abounding in lively, original, and philosophic observation.

Alphonso; or, the Beggar's Boy: a Comedy, in Verse. 8vo. pp. 85. London, 1827. Ridgway.

MUCH as tragedy, in these degenerate days, has declined, we have had bitter experience that the votaries of Thalia have not been more successful than those of Melpomene, and both the mask and dagger have been worn and used in vain. It is truly refreshing, when a real and spirit-stirring comedy or tragedy comes under our observation, and we are now very much gratified in introducing to our numerous friends one of the former genus, a gem of the first order—a creation of the brain, which requires only to be understood, as well as read, and which, not confined within usually acknowledged bounds, ranges over vast fields of literature and nature, and extracts the beauties of each. When such a production as this is submitted to our critical judgment, it is impossible adequately to express our delight. Would that it were ours, in fit guise, to enter into an elaborate examination of the various beauties which so eminently distinguish *Alphonso*, or the *Beggar's Boy*; but our limits, (an old cry with us and other reviewers,) and not our inclination, forbid. We shall, however, with that tact for which we are celebrated, cull a bouquet from this parterre of blooming flowers, and we doubt not it will prove as fragrant, (even we sometimes catch ourselves tripping) as fragrant to our readers as it has proved to us. In our youthful days, when our heart was engaged to a blue-eyed fair one, at the receipt of one of her letters, we have lingered a considerable time before excitement would permit us to break the seal: let the excuse, for that moment, prove the apology for this; a similar impulse now actuates us, only with this difference, our feelings are were recorded, they were then known only to ourselves. Having, we trust, thus made our peace for detaining our anxious friends, we shall grasp our subject with right good will, and enrich the columns of *The Literary Chronicle* with our unrivalled quotations.

Alphonso, or the *Beggar's Boy*, is dedicated to the Marquis of Lansdown; the author, as is usual in such cases, compliments his lordship on his many virtues, and puts forth claims to patronage in rather a novel, though strictly original manner, viz. that his former production, *Athens*, and some portions of this comedy, were composed at Bowood, (we presume the country seat of the peer,) and, in consequence, being born on the estate, we deem, the nobleman must, in charity, extend to them his fostering influence. We sincerely trust he may, for who would not prove a *Mecænas* to such effusions. It will now be expected of us, after having proceeded thus far, to give some account of the plot of *Alphonso*; but we cannot, and the only, and, in fact, the best excuse we have to offer, is, that our author has done without one: in this he is not quite so original as in other instances, for the example has been set him by many modern playwrights, and is followed with avidity. The only alternative we have, therefore, left, is to extract, almost at random, such passages as will best elucidate our remarks and the style

of this comedy. The scene is laid in Italy: the first simile (for *Alphonso* abounds in similes) which meets our eye and commendation, is—

‘Well, you know

I am her slave and wear her chains more proudly
Than ever alderman did his.’

Bating that the above rather verges on civic honours, can any thing be more appropriate, striking, and eloquent,—but it smacks of Guildhall on the 9th of November. Proceed we:—

‘I brought her into fashion,
She gives such fêtes; the finest things in town,
Forests of flowers, rivers; more gold
Than e’er Pactolus bubbled over, or
Ten mining companies.’

The satire in the last expression is excellent, but put into the mouth of an Italian, is yet more so. In our simplicity, we thought the English folk had alone to do with mining companies;—but to our context:

‘Countess. Whither go you?

Paulo. Home to my pillow, lest your brother
Catch me at these late revels. [Sol

Countess. Oh, not yet,
It is the nightingale, and not the lark.’

Juliet herself never expressed her desire more strongly; yet, if our memory fail not, she said something very much like the above, but it were treason to question our author's originality.

We have heard ‘a pretty considerable deal’ of *Almack's* lately; we have now mention of it in another form, from the mouth of an Italian beau:—

‘No! sir, I'll not be silent, who beside
Am of the set; go to *Almacko's*, join
Duchess Manœuvra in her opera-box
At home in the first circles—bosom friend
To half the peers of Mantua! Blood and vengeance.’

We would wage our reputation, (and that is something,) that in the whole course of English poetry, the above is unrivalled for grammar, sense, forcible expression, and euphony. Now for a little abstruse reasoning:—

‘Art ever betters Nature. Now, for instance;
There's wax, which Nature's hand leaves full of
Dead bees, and stings, it is to art it owes [dirt,
Its boasted purity; and then the cat,
The tones that Nature taught it drive us mad;
But art can from its vilest portion draw
Such strains as thrill the soul to ecstasy.’

Bee's-wax and a cat! fine and fit combination. The author is not content with talking about cats and bee's-wax, nightingales, larks, *Almack's*, and aldermen, but he must have a touch at politics: ex. gr.

‘There's something so peculiarly their own,
A look so godlike in legitimates.’

Can we do other than agree with him in this assertion? The Holy Alliance and Ferdinand of Spain forbid!

But every thing must end, and our review must bend to this unerring rule; our rapture has been so great, that, fearing we should fail to describe it adequately, we must draw, once more, on the resources of *Alphonso*, and conclude with an apt quotation:—

‘We look not for a work of prose again,
For the next twelvemonth.’

Memoirs and Recollections of the Count de Segur. Third vol. 8vo. London, 1827. Colburn.

FEW volumes are better calculated to gratify the prevailing taste of the reading public, than the *Memoirs and Recollections of the Count de Segur*. The variety and importance of the details, the lively, anecdotal, and amusing style of the narrator, the pregnant period, whose incidents are described, and the powerful personages, whose ‘whereabouts’ are ‘prated’ of, all conspire to render the work unusually attractive and repaying.

The first portion of the present volume is occupied with an account of the ‘progressing’ of the Empress Catherine into the Crimea, in 1787, a journey for a great political purpose, conducted in a style the most romantic and magnificent, and described by the Count de Segur with commensurate imagination and ability. Early convinced of the difference (as respects the means of acquiring information,) between the unincumbered traveller, and one who accompanies a court,—seeing that, with whatever pretence to the contrary, all things were coloured and prepared for her majesty's reception; the count relinquished the idea of selecting and combining materials for a useful volume of travels, and sat down to watch and report the conduct and conversation of the ‘northern Cleopatra,’ (as he appropriately styles her,) and to provide us with the interesting memorabilia to which we shall forthwith introduce our readers.

The journey, as we have already intimated, is strikingly described; and when about to resume his diplomatic life at Petersburg, the author thus sums up its multifarious attractions: he was leaving ‘the rapid and varied action of romance, for the slow and sober step of history. Having quitted the magic circle, I was no longer to see, at each moment, as in our triumphant and romantic journey, new objects of surprise; fleets suddenly created, squadrons of Cossacks and Tartars coming from the remote parts of Asia, illuminated roads, mountains on fire, enchanted palaces, gardens raised in a night, savage caverns, temples of Diana, delightful harems, wandering tribes, dromedaries, and camels, wandering through deserts, hospodars of Walachia, and dethroned princes of Caucasus and persecuted Georgia, paying homage and addressing their prayers to the queen of the north.’

During the residence of Catherine at Kioff, the opposition party in Poland endeavoured to injure King Stanislas in her opinion:—

‘Marshal Potocki by his address, and General Branitski through the influence of his wife, the niece of Prince Potemkin, persuaded the prince, that the king was opposed to the acquisitions which he wished to make in Poland. But the Prince of Nassau and Count Stackelberg counteracted this intrigue, and reconciled the prime minister and the king.’

‘“Do you know what these nobles of Great and Little Poland do here?” said the Prince de Ligne, “they deceive themselves, are deceived, and deceive others. Their wives flatter the empress, and persuade them

selves that she does not know that she was insulted in the barkings of the last diet. All watch for a glance from the Prince Potemkin, and this glance it is difficult to meet; for the prince is somewhat squinting and one-eyed. These beautiful Polonese solicit the ribbon of St. Catherine, to arrange it with coquetry, and to excite the jealousy of their friends and relations.

"The empress complains of the ministers of England and Prussia, who spirit up the Turks; while she is continually casting a sheep's eye at the children of Mahomet. War is feared and desired; Segur does what he can to put it off; for my part, having nothing to risk, and perhaps some glory to gain, I desire war with all my heart, and then my friend reproaches me for wishing for what must cause so many misfortunes. Then I cease to wish for it, but fermentation, yet active in my blood, leads me back to my former wish."

"It will be easily conceived how far such a friend, enjoying all the confidence of Catherine, was from seconding me in keeping up her pacific disposition."

"Stanislas proposed to the empress to lend her some troops; an offer which she refused. Circumstances were favourable to Stanislas, but he was incapable of profiting by them. In the midst of a turbulent nation, with a character soft, trifling, and brilliant, where firmness and vigour were required, this monarch, sinking under the weight of his feeble crown, was always tyrannised over by his neighbours and braved by his subjects."

The departure from Kioff is thus spiritedly related:—

"The winter had just disappeared; the waters of the Borysthenes were no longer enchain'd by frost; nature throwing off her veil of mourning for the warm colouring of spring, gave Catherine the signal for departure. Her fête was celebrated."

"The empress, after having religiously visited the monastery of Petschersky, distributed many favours and decorations, diamonds and pearls. "The Cleopatra of Kioff," said the Prince de Ligne, "does not swallow pearls, but she gives many away."

"On the first of May, 1787, the empress embarked on board her galley, followed by the most stately fleet that a great river had ever borne. It was composed of more than eighty vessels, and the crews and guards amounted to three thousand men; at their head moved seven galleys of an elegant form, and of a majestic size, skilfully painted, and manned with crews, numerous, active, and uniformly dressed. The splendid apartments constructed on the decks, glittered with gold and silk."

"The first of these galleys, which followed the empress's, carried MM. de Cobentzel and Fitz-Herbert; the second was assigned to the Prince de Ligne and myself, the others were appropriated to Prince Potemkin, his nieces, the grand chamberlain, the first equerry, and those ministers and persons of distinction whom the empress had allowed to accompany her. The remainder of the fleet carried the inferior officers, the provisions, and the baggage. Mademoiselle Protasoff

and Count Momonoff were on board the same galley as her majesty. We each of us found in ours, a room and cabinet as sumptuous as it was elegant, a convenient sofa, an excellent bed of Chinese taffeta, and a mahogany secretary."

"Each galley had its own music. A great number of boats and canoes fluttered unceasingly around the sides of the squadron, resembling, in appearance, the creations of magic rather than reality."

"Our progress was slow; we stopped often, on which occasions we went on board fast sailing skiffs, walked on the borders of the river, or in the green and fertile islands through which the river flows."

"An immense concourse of people saluted the empress with noisy acclamations, while the sailors, belonging to her majesty's squadron, beat time to the noise of the cannon with their brilliant and painted oars on the waters of the Borysthenes."

"There appeared on the borders of the river, a crowd of curious and admiring spectators, who came from all parts of the empire to gaze at our splendid retinue, and to present to their sovereign the various productions of their different climates."

"Small companies of Cossacks were frequently seen manœuvring on the plains washed by the Dnieper. The towns, villages, country houses, and even some of the rustic cabins, were so ornamented and disguised with triumphal arches, garlands of flowers, and elegant architectural decorations, that their appearance completed the illusion, and transformed them into so many superb cities, or palaces suddenly raised, in gardens formed by magic."

"The snow had disappeared: a beautiful verdure covered the earth; the country was enamelled with flowers; a brilliant sun animated, enlivened, and coloured every object. The air resounded with the harmonious music of our galleys; and the various costumes of the spectators on the banks of the river seemed to diversify this rich and moving picture."

"As we approached some important towns, we beheld, ranged at their posts, squadrons of chosen troops, whose appearance was rendered splendid by the beauty of their arms and the richness of their uniforms. The contrast this magnificent dress formed to the mean and destitute appearance of the regiments under Marshal Romanzoff, was sufficiently striking to inform us, that we were leaving the government of that old and illustrious warrior, and about to enter those which fortune had subjected to Prince Potemkin."

"The weather, the season, nature, and art, all seemed in a conspiracy to secure the triumph of this powerful favourite. He hoped that, by surrounding his sovereign with so many delusions, at the moment when she was passing through the countries conquered by her arms, he should inflame her ambition, and inspire her with a desire of attempting, boldly, new conquests."

"Our mornings alone were free. We employed them agreeably in reading, conversing, going from one galley to another, or in

making excursions on the borders of the river."

"At one o'clock, we regularly returned to the galley of the empress, with whom we dined. The number, who were admitted to her table, did not, in general, exceed ten persons. Once a week only she invited all who had the honour to accompany her. The dinner, on those occasions, was served on board a very large vessel, where sixty persons could be seated with great comfort."

"Five days after our departure, we stopped at the town of Kanieff, where we were expected by the King of Poland and his court."

"Kanieff was the place destined for the interview between Stanislas and Catherine; they had both been remarkable twenty-five years ago for their grace and beauty, both were formerly united by a reciprocal affection, and both, since that time, were no less changed in their appearance than in their sentiments."

"When the Prince de Ligne and myself were on the point of witnessing this theatrical recognition, in which policy had a far greater share than affection, we could not help laughing at the grief and jealousy the young favourite experienced, or pretended to experience, at the prospect of a tête-à-tête so foreign to love; for, it was evident that Stanislas, finding his throne weak and tottering, had been induced by fear and interest alone, to solicit, from his haughty protectress, the favour of a temporary re-union, and that this meeting had been granted on the score of decency."

"I never saw the empress more agreeable than on the first day of our navigation? the dinner was very gay; we were delighted to leave the dull town of Kioff, where we had been blockaded by the ice for three months."

"Spring refreshed and enlivened us; the beauty of the weather, the magnificence of our fleet, the grandeur of the river, constant motion, the joy manifested by the multitude of spectators who ran along the banks, the military and Asiatic mixture presented to our view by the various costumes of thirty different nations, in short, the certainty of daily beholding new and curious objects, so awakened and excited our imaginations, that they seemed to travel even faster than we did."

"Without growing grave or dull on any thing, we passed continually from one subject of conversation to another. We compared ancient to modern times, France to Attica, England to Carthage, Prussia to Macedonia, Catherine's empire to that of Cyrus. We related ancient and modern anecdotes, and the empress told us several concerning Peter the Great and Elizabeth."

"When we congratulated her on having, in so short a time, softened manners, but lately so cruel and barbarous, she replied: "Certainly, old Russians must see some difference between their time and ours. I cannot think, without horror, of the people's unhappy condition, under the reign of the Empress Anne, or, rather, under that of her minister Biren; that cruel man who governed her, killed, mutilated, or exiled more than seventy thousand persons."

'We spoke of those savage tribes by whom the remoter parts of her empire were still peopled. "The time of civilisation," said she, "for those wandering tribes has not yet arrived; since their origin they have always preserved the same simplicity of manners; living in tents, and subsisting on the flesh and milk yielded by their flocks, we may consider them happy, for their chiefs are more like fathers than masters, and the few wants and desires which they have, are easily satisfied. I know not whether, in civilising, I should not have spoilt them; the small tribute of furs which they pay me, gives them but little trouble, for they are accustomed to, and take great delight in the chase."

'Only one important change has taken place, with respect to these ancient hordes of Huns, Kirghis, Tartars, known formerly by a thousand different names; their wandering lives, their invasions, and the ravages they committed, rendered them for a long time the terror of the world; but the world has now become so civilised, peopled, armed, and enlightened, that these hordes seeing all probability of conquest out of the question, have so entirely laid aside their warlike manners, that they very seldom fight even among themselves.

'We talked of their religion, of their shamans or sorcerers, and of their idols. The empress told us that one of their tribes had a species of worship difficult enough to understand. "Its priests have preserved, from time immemorial, a collection of prayers, of maxims, or of canticles, written in a language, the meaning of which has been lost to the world for a long period, and they recite them through tradition, but without understanding them."

"This circumstance," she added, "excited my curiosity; I consulted the *learned*, who, upon this point, as upon many others, had *learned* nothing. I ordered further research to be made, and, at length, they thought they had found out that those prayers were written in the ancient and holy language of India—the Sanskrit."

'As in the following part of our interview, the empress rapidly passed in review the systems of the legislators of Greece, of Asia, of Rome, and of Arabia, I told her that she appeared to have entirely lost all right to censure the learned in the way she commonly did.

"Yes," added the Prince de Ligne, "for remember, madam, that after what we have heard, we shall be obliged to include you in the list of the learned, whom you treat so unmercifully."

"I understand," she replied; "upon the whole you are pleased with me; you praise me in the gross, but I'll wager that you find abundant subjects for criticism in detail. I make mistakes of language and orthography every moment. M. de Segur will agree that my head is thick enough sometimes, since he has not been able to teach me to compose even six verses; and, indeed, I believe, notwithstanding his praises, that if I was a private person in France, his charming ladies of Paris would not find me agreeable enough to be invited to supper."

"I beg you, madam, to recollect," I exclaimed, that I am the representative of France here, and that I ought not to allow it to be thus calumniated."

'As the empress was in the vein, continuing the same tone, she said to us, "Come now; what do you think I should have been in the world if I had been a man and a private person?"

'Mr. Fitz-Herbert replied, that she would have been a profound legislator; Cobentzel, a great minister or an ambassador; I assured her that she would have become a very distinguished general.

"There," she replied, "you are quite mistaken: I know my character; it is ardent; I should have risked every thing in the pursuit of glory, and being only a sub-lieutenant, I should have got my brains blown out in the first campaign."

'Another day we were speaking of all the conjectures which would be made in Europe about her journey. On this subject we were all of the same opinion, and thought that every where it would be supposed that she and the emperor wished to conquer Turkey and Persia, and, perhaps, India and Japan; in short, that at this moment the cabinet of Catherine engaged the attention and excited the anxiety of all the others.

"This cabinet of Petersburg," said she, "which is now floating on the Dnieper, appears, then, to be very great, since it gives so much occupation to so many others."

"Yes, madam," said the Prince de Ligne, "and yet I know of no one that is smaller, for its whole dimensions are but a few inches; it extends from one temple to the other, and from the root of the nose to that of the hair."

With the interview between Catherine and Stanislas, we close our present notice:—

'The artillery of the fleet and of the town announced the arrival of the two monarchs. Catherine sent several of her officers of state, in an elegant shallop, to salute the King of Poland.

'That prince, in order to avoid all embarrassing etiquette, and wishing to preserve an *incognito* not altogether compatible with so much splendour, said to them, "Gentlemen, the King of Poland has desired me to introduce to you the Count Poniatowski."

'When he had ascended the imperial galley, we pressed in a circle around him, anxious to witness the first emotions and to hear the first words of these illustrious personages, under circumstances so different from those under which they had formerly been seen, when they were united by love, separated by jealousy, and pursued by hatred.

'But our expectations were almost entirely disappointed; for, after a mutual salutation, grave, cold, and dignified, Catherine having given her hand to Stanislas, they entered a cabinet, where they remained shut up for half an hour.

'As soon as this *tête-à-tête* was over, their majesties rejoined us; and, as we had not been able to hear them, we endeavoured to read their thoughts in their features: but the light clouds which rested on their countenances rendered our attempt difficult enough.

On the side of the empress there was a cloud of embarrassment and unusual restraint; and, in the eyes of the king, a certain expression of sadness which an affected smile could not entirely conceal.

'That prince now came and spoke in an obliging manner to all those amongst us whom he knew; the empress presented the others to him. I was received very graciously by him.

'Every thing had been so arranged as not to leave a vacant moment in a day, which both sides, perhaps equally wished to shorten. We soon embarked in handsome boats, to go on board the galley where the entertainment was to be given. It was of the most sumptuous, delicate, and elegant description.

'The empress had on her right hand the king, and on her left the ambassador Cobentzel. Prince Potemkin, Mr. Fitz-Herbert, and I, were placed opposite to their majesties.

'Little was eaten and little was said; people looked about them a great deal, listened to the fine music, and drank to the health of the king, amidst a grand salute of cannon.

'On arising from the table, the king took from the hands of a page the gloves and the fan of the empress, and presented them to her. He then looked for, and could not find his hat; the empress, seeing it, had it brought to her, and gave it to him. "Ah! madam," said Stanislas, on receiving it, "you formerly gave me a much finer one."

'We now returned to the imperial galley. The party remained but a short time together, and nothing remarkable occurred. The king re-embarked at eight o'clock, and returned to Kanieff.

'As soon as it was dark, the hill of Kanieff glowed with fires; a winding ditch had been hollowed out on its sides and filled with combustible materials. When they were set on fire, they looked like the lava of a volcano, and the resemblance was the more striking, as, at the same moment, an explosion of a hundred thousand fire-works, on the top of the hill, made the very atmosphere appear as if inflamed; and the effect was heightened by the reflection of the burning scene in the waters of the Borysthènes.

'Our fleet was also magnificently illuminated, so that, at this time, there was no night in our horizon.

'The king having invited us all, we availed ourselves of his invitation. He gave a superb ball, but the empress would not go to it. Stanislas had in vain entreated her to prolong her stay for twenty-four hours; the time for favours was gone by with him. Catherine told him that she feared that, by this delay, she might keep the emperor waiting, who was to meet her at Kherson.

'We continued our route the next day, and thus terminated an interview which, in spite of its theatrical magnificence, will much better fill a place in history than in romance; for it was certainly not embellished and animated by any excess of tender sentiments.'

A Treatise on Calisthenic Exercises. Arranged for the private Tuition of Ladies. By SIGNOR VOARINO, accompanied with illustrative Figures. 8vo. pp. 68. London, 1827. N. Hailes.

IN very sooth, when and where will the improvements of this ingenious age, end? But a year or two have passed, since gymnastics for all the bankers' clerks and sedentary shopmen in the metropolis were instituted; and the wise and venerable Doctor Gilchrist, with all his wonted eloquence aided so plausible and exemplary a design. Voelcker is said to have made his fortune, and pupils now are seen at the early hour of five a. m. hurrying to the various establishments instead of pressing with uneasy heads their ruffled pillows. We have discoursed with one or two of these worthy fellows, and they talk, Lord how they talk! as if they had returned, that very morning, conquerors in the Olympic games; sinews, muscles, and thaws are their household words; the gymnasium, their Paradise; and their preceptor, another Hercules under whose tuition they must become heroes—we have listened, and wondered whilst we listened. Custom, we are aware, has given many advantages to the male over the female sex, and gymnastics added another to a very formidable list. Thanks to Signor Voarino our fair countrywomen may now compete with the men, they too may talk of their achievements whilst their pretty mouths must exhibit additional grace in recounting them. What a delightful variety to the mind as well as form; the bosom that so lately fluttered through affection may equally throb with exercise; and love and gymnastics (we beg pardon calisthenics) divide the rosy hours, and chase those hereditary diseases, ennui and the vapours, far from gentle womanhood. We cannot and in fact must not disclose too many of the secrets possessed by this work. The professor (surely the initial V. is favourable to gymnastics, Voelcker and Voarino, twin V's shedding refulgence on both sexes,) talks a considerable time of the advantages of his system, illustrates his arguments with engravings exhibiting female figures (trowsered) in various attitudes, and concludes with hoping that the British fair, through the introduction of the *Calisthenic Exercises*, may lose that pallidness of countenance which now distinguishes them. Our author should have limited this remark to those who destroy their natural freshness by inactivity, fashionable follies, or other local causes; for, undoubtedly, the British fair are the fairest part of the creation. We will now give a few of Signor Voarino's observations:

'That exercise is indispensably requisite for the enjoyment of health universal experience allows; and it is no exaggeration to affirm, that nine-tenths of the diseases, under which the female sex are suffering, are principally brought on by insufficient and too frequently total inattention to this important part of the animal economy: as a proof of this we need only look to the female part of the labouring classes of society, to whom disease is comparatively unknown, unless produced by vicious habits or severe privations. How fre-

quently in the same family do we find the boys strong, robust, and healthy, their countenances cheerful and animated, while the girls are pale, sickly, and languid?

'To what cause can we attribute so great and so evident a difference, unless to the various bodily exercises pursued by the one, which are not enjoyed by the other.

'The ancients, aware of the importance of the due preservation of the health and faculties of the human frame, made it a prominent part of the education of youth of both sexes, that they should be instructed in all exercises calculated to give tone and vigour to their bodily functions, knowing well how intimately the strength of the mind is connected with the health of the body, and how much weakened or strengthened, in proportion, as the body becomes enervated or invigorated.

'*Herodicus*, instructor of the great physician Hippocrates, was master of one of the Grecian Palæstric, or Gymnasia, and frequently remarked that the females under his tuition attained the enviable enjoyment of an uninterrupted flow of health and spirits."

'But we need not recur to so distant a period for medical authority on this subject. Mr. Abernethy, one of the most scientific and successful surgical practitioners of his day, insists with that earnestness which the importance of the subject demands, on the advantages resulting from all exercises suitable and appropriate to the female sex.

'Should the above observations in favour of Signor Voarino's system, which he entertains his fair readers to take into their serious consideration, induce them to make trial of it, he ventures to assert that the beneficial effects they will experience, as regards their bodily health, will amply repay them: in addition to which it is pre-eminently calculated to produce a graceful and easy carriage, and will secure to those who are in the enjoyment of health a continuation of that invaluable blessing.'

Were we inclined to be witty, we might make a few puns on some of the Signor's expressions, but 'he being a foreigner,' we are disarmed of our intention, and in consequence we leave him without further comment to the success he anticipates, but which we do not.

The Sovereignty of the Great Seal Maintained against the One Hundred and Eighty-Eight Propositions of the Chancery Commissioners; in a Letter to the Right Honourable the Lord Chancellor. By FRANCIS PAUL STRATFORD, Esq., Senior Master in Ordinary of the Court of Chancery. 8vo. pp. 50. London, 1827. J. and W. T. Clarke.

THIS is an able brochure, and though we cannot pretend to offer a decided opinion on the subject which it discusses, we may be allowed to state that Mr. Stratford's remarks are entitled to every consideration, not only as resulting from long practical experience, but because they are enforced in an argumentative, dispassionate, and manly style. Mr. S. considers that the new propositions 'will bring more and greater difficulties upon the

older practitioners, than upon the younger, whether they be barristers or solicitors; for they will have not only to learn the new system, but to discriminate between the old and the new; and to unlearn and discharge from their memories so much of the old as is abrogated or superseded by the new; whereas the noviciates in the profession will at least escape the *difficulty of unlearning*.' Surely Mr. Stratford does not mean to oppose the convenience of the practitioners as an allowable obstacle to a judicious alteration of the practice? Both his remarks and our own, however, appear unnecessary, as he takes his stand upon higher ground, and observes:—

'But practice, subject to capricious or arbitrary changes, is not practice. And the more rules or propositions, call them by what name you please, which either the present or future commissioners may make to ameliorate, as it is professed, the practice of the Court of Chancery, and the more volumes may be written in explanation of those rules or propositions, the conclusion must be, that fresh rules create fresh occasions for explanation; and explanation may follow explanation, till all practice is explained away, or, what is the same thing, nobody will be able to explain the explanations. And it may at last become a question, whether it may not be more for the advantage of the suitors not to have any thing which may be called practice at all, but to leave every thing necessary to be done in the prosecution of a suit, to the immediate direction of the court, according to the circumstances of each particular case as it arises. How can that be called a rule which itself requires to be ruled; in other words, which requires some decision upon it, declaratory of what the rule is, and to what it is directly applicable. But it may be asked, what is the use of pushing the argument to such an extremity; cannot something be done to ameliorate the present practice of the court? To this, I answer most readily, yes,—not only something, but a great deal. Get rid of the present practice, so far as it is adventitious, and return to and enforce the old. The present practice may be said to be mainly made up of deviations from the old, suffered to take place, and originating in the accommodating disposition of a succession of late chancellors, in suffering to be broken, and in some instances chancellors themselves breaking, through the strict rules of practice, (with the view, no doubt, of forwarding the attainment of justice,) and solicitors always availing themselves of such infractions, to palliate, if not justify, infractions of their own, till infraction coming upon infraction, from every department of the court, the original rules of practice at length become not only disregarded, but habitual, and in the end *themselves* the rules.'

The conclusion of this sentence is singularly obscure, but Mr. S. of course intends to say that the *infractions* in the end become the rules.

Instead of the one hundred and eighty-eight propositions, Mr. Stratford has a simple plan of his own, and he thus introduces it:—

'But to return to the practice of the court;

and if the practice be really so disordered, as to take away all reasonable expectation of its being restored to a sound state, by bringing it back, as it may, perhaps, not inaptly be said, to its own native air and accustomed habits, but that ulterior remedies must be applied; still I should think it wiser not to dose it at once with a mixture of one hundred and eighty-eight new and untried heterogeneous ingredients, acting upon and counteracting each other, least, peradventure, in endeavouring to cure, you kill; but rather to try what may be the effect of such plainer but more certain remedies, as may relieve, though perhaps not perfectly cure, the patient; and which the court may possibly, by means of its own proper energies, firmly exerted and persisted in, successfully administer; instead, therefore, of one hundred and eighty-eight new propositions or rules, I would bring forward one proposition only, viz. that the court do, by its own intrinsic authority, direct a notice, followed up with an order, to be stuck up in all the different departments of it, That all the present standing orders of the court, must for the time to come be observed, and will be strictly enforced. I presume to think that such an order would do away with most, if not all, the anomalies and irregularities which are the present curse of the court.'

This pamphlet will be eagerly read, and as it is characterized by good sense and abundant information, there can be no doubt that it will tend to enlighten a very grave and intricate subject.

TRAVELS IN MESOPOTAMIA.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

(Continued from p. 154.)

We proceed in our pleasant task of selecting a few of the striking pictures which so abundantly diversify this volume. Proceeding from Kara Tuppe, by Delhi Abass, to Bagdad:—

'We continued our even course over the plain, without once varying the direction, passing a square enclosure, and a small village about midnight, and at day-break opening a view of country exactly like Lower Egypt. On the level plain, which now spread itself on all sides, were seen, in different quarters of the horizon, groves of palm-trees, each forming a separate cluster apart from the others, and each marking the place of a separate village. The soil was highly fertile, having already yielded its harvest of the present year, and the plain was intersected by one large canal, with several smaller ones branching off from it, all of which strengthened its resemblance to the lands on the banks of the Nile.

'It was just as we had crossed one of the canals, and while suffering intensely from thirst, that I asked a Dervish, who was drinking from the hollow shell of a cocoa-nut at the stream, to give me a draught of water from his vessel; but this man, though devoted by his order to the exercise of hospitality and charitable offices to all mankind, and though he had but the moment before returned me the salutation of the faithful, added insolence to his refusal, and pricking

my mule with a sharp instrument, caused the poor beast, already sinking under his double burden of a lading and a rider, to rear and kick, and ultimately to throw me off, with a part of the lading upon me. The agility of this Dervish, who was young and active, enabled him to escape the punishment I should otherwise have inflicted on him, for this breach of his own precepts to others; but, as I was now dismounted, I began to reload the articles that had fallen off, after which, I repaired to the stream, to allay both my thirst and my anger at the same time. On endeavouring to remount, which was a task of no small difficulty, as the lading of the beast was wide and high, and there were neither stirrups, nor a stone, or the smallest eminence of any kind near us, the whole of the poor creature's burden came tumbling on the ground. It had at first, perhaps, been but badly secured, though I had used all my strength and skill in loading it: but the effect of the rearing, kicking, and rolling of the animal on the earth, when the Dervish provoked it to throw me, had made the whole so loose that it rolled entirely under the animal as it stood. To increase the evil, as I let go my hold of the halter, in order to use both hands in securing the packages, the mule made off at a full gallop, frisking and flinging its head in the air, pawing with its fore legs, and kicking with its hind ones, as if in derision at my dilemma, and triumph for its own happy riddance and escape. As the rest of the party had by this time got far a-head, I waited in this miserable plight for two full hours, by the way side, literally guarding the merchandize with one eye, and keeping a look-out with the other on the movements of my truant mule, who regaled himself on the shrubs near; besides being in continual apprehension of having the whole property (which was not my own) taken possession of by robbers, who are never wanting to follow up the stragglers of a caravan, and plunder all they can lay their hands on. At length, some peasants of the country coming by, very charitably assisted me to catch my mule, and even helped me to reload it, when, with their assistance, for it could not otherwise have been done, I remounted, and continued my way; they themselves soon branching off to their own villages near the road.

'Though I was now perfectly alone, and liable therefore to insult and pillage from any handful of men who might cross my path, I went on with a light heart at the prospect of my troubles being soon to be at an end, and had filled my pipe on the mule's back, to smoke away my cares, and to make its enjoyment compensate for the want of a companion. As I abandoned the halter of the beast, by throwing it for a moment across his neck, while I struck a light, which requires the use of both hands, and while I was in the act of drawing my first whiff, the refractory brute, probably from imagining the pricking of the Dervish to be near him again, first cocked his ears forward, then stood fixed and immovable, and at length, after three or four repeated flings of his hind legs in the air, again unseated me, and now, in the

confusion of this totally unexpected result, the baggage and the animal itself came tumbling after and upon me, and nearly crushed me to death by their fall. I was a long while before I could extricate myself from this state, for even the beast was in some way entangled by its own girths and bandages, and could not rise from the ground. When I had with difficulty regained my legs, I found the burden, from the firmness with which it was last braced on, to be all secure; and by my assistance, and a vigorous effort of its own, the mule rose again, with all its lading fast as before. All my efforts to mount were, however, quite ineffectual; the packages, being large and comparatively light, making an elevation of three or four feet above the animal's back. My poor mule had had his share of disasters, as well as myself; and he seemed determined, by all the freaks and tricks within his power to perform, to show that he would not hazard any more. I was obliged therefore, bruised and tired and irritated as I was, to trudge the rest of my way on foot, holding the halter of my charge firmly in my hand, to prevent his escape, and much more disposed to give him the stripes of the Parisian ass-driver, as related by Sterne, than to feed him on the macaroons of the sentimental traveller.

'It was not until full four hours after sunrise that I entered, alone, the village of Hebheb, leading my mule after me, and attracting the inquiries of the idle and curious, as well as of the humane and charitable, as to what accident had befallen me; these inquiries being suggested by the dust with which I was covered, the ragged state of my rent garments, and the fashion of my turban, which was unlike the shape of any class, and my whole costume disordered and awry. I succeeded, at length, in finding out the coffee-house or shed at which my young friend, Suliman, had put up; and after anointing my bruises, washing myself from head to foot, and giving my torn garments to be repaired, I lay gladly down, to recruit my exhausted strength.

'It was long past noon when I awoke, and the pain which I suffered from the bruises sustained in my fall was now much greater than before, and almost disabled me from walking. Suliman expressed the most earnest solicitude for my comfort, and did a hundred kind offices, to which nothing but a humane heart could have prompted him. We were both in the same coffee-shed, or khan, for these were here united, as the Hadjee Habeeb and his friend, the fat Moollah of Kiffree; but these would neither of them now speak to any one of our party: and when they were told of my disasters, they exultingly exclaimed, "Thus does God punish those who violate the sanctuaries of his prophet." We cared but little for a resentment, so perfectly harmless in its effects, in spite of which, Suliman and myself made an excellent dinner together, desiring nothing better than it might fall to our lot to be fellow-travellers on some future occasion.

'I saw no more of the town of Hebheb than the portions passed through on our entry into and exit from it. The most re-

markable features of it were a fine stream of clear water running through the town, many enclosed groves of tall palm trees intermingled with the dwellings, and in these an abundance of wild pigeons and turtle doves. The population of the place is thought to be about three thousand, but two would, perhaps, be nearer the truth. I was particularly struck with the resemblance of the people in general to Egyptians, both in complexion, stature, feature, and dress; and even the Arabic spoken here seemed to my ear to approach as nearly to that of Egypt, as the features of the country along the Tigris resemble those of the lands that border on the Nile.

This was the first place at which, during all my travels in Mohammedan countries, which had now been considerable, I had ever seen boys publicly exhibited and set apart for purposes of depravity not to be named. I had, indeed, heard of public establishments for such infamous practices at Constantinople, but I had always doubted the fact. I saw here, however, with my own eyes, one of these youths avowedly devoted to purposes not to be described, and from the very thought of which the mind revolts with horror. This youth was by no means remarkable for beauty of person, and was even dirtily and meanly dressed. His costume was that of an Arab, with a peculiar kind of silk handkerchief, called keffeeah, hanging down about the neck, and thrown over the head. He wore, however, all the silver ornaments peculiar to females; and from his travelling khoordj he exhibited to the persons in the coffee-house a much richer dress of muslin and gold stuffs, in which he arrayed himself on certain occasions. The boy was about ten years of age, impudent, forward, and revoltingly fond and fawning in his demeanour. He hung about the persons of those who were seated in the coffee-house sitting on their knees, and singing indescribable songs; but no one, as far as I could learn, avowed any nearer approach. There were many of the party, indeed, who insisted that the practice had no existence in Turkey; but that the object for which boys of this description was exhibited was merely to sing, to dance, and to excite pleasurable ideas; and that for this purpose they were taught alluring ways, and furnished with splendid dresses. Others, however, more frankly admitted that the vice was not merely imaginary, and common notoriety would seem to confirm this view of the case. This youth was under the care of an elder and a younger man, who travelled with him, and shared the profits of his exhibition and his use. As neither the state of morals nor of manners in any country can be accurately judged of without facts of this nature being stated, as well as those of a more honourable kind, I have felt it my duty, as an observer of human nature, to record, in the least objectionable manner in which I can convey the description so as to be intelligible, this mark of profligacy, to which the classical scholar will readily remember parallels in ancient manners, but which among the moderns has been thought by many to be nowhere openly tolerated.

At Babylon, we are informed, 'The hanging gardens, (as they are called,) which had an area of about three and half acres, had trees of a considerable size growing in them; "and it is not improbable," says Major Rennel, "that they were of a species different from those of the natural growth of the alluvial soil of Babylonia. Curtius says, that some of them were eight cubits in the girth, and Strabo, that there was a contrivance to prevent the large roots from destroying the superstructure, by building vast hollow piers, which were filled with earth to receive them. These trees, continues the same writer, may have been perpetuated in the same spot where they grew, notwithstanding that the terraces may have subsided, by the crumbling of the piers and walls that supported them."

'Such appears to be the fact, for, at the distance of a few paces only to the north-north-east of this mass of walls and piers, the internal spaces of which are still filled with earth and rubbish, is the famous single tree, which the natives call "Athelo," and maintain to have been flourishing in ancient Babylon, from the destruction of which God preserved it, that it might afford Ali a convenient place to tie up his horse, after the battle of Hilla.

'This tree is of a kind perfectly unknown to these parts, though Mr. Rich was told, that there was one of the same kind at Bussorah: it is admitted, however, on all hands, to be a very rare species. It is certainly of a very great age, as its trunk, which appears to have been of considerable girth, now presents only a bare and decayed half or longitudinal section, which, if found on the ground, would be thought to be rotten and unfit for any use; yet the few branches which still sprout out from its venerable top are perfectly green; and, as had been already remarked by others, as well as confirmed by our own observation, give to the passage of the wind a shrill and melancholy sound, like the whistling of a tempest through a ship's rigging at sea. Though thus thick in the trunk, it is not more than fifteen feet high, and its branches are very few. It is an evergreen, and is thought to resemble the *lignum vitæ*, its leaves being formed of long stems, with smaller branching leaves, like those of the pine and cedar, but of a lighter green, and its boughs almost as flexible as the willow.

'The fact of these trees perpetuating themselves on the spot, as described by the ancients, seems to be thought possible; and it is certain, that this single tree, standing as it does on the very summit of the mound taken for the hanging garden, and certainly not likely to have been planted, by any subsequent hand, on a mere heap of ruins, very strongly favours such a supposition, as there is no other rational way of accounting for the presence of so unusual a tree as this, in so unusual a situation. It may not be irrelevant to remark, that it was in the heap assumed to be the site of the hanging gardens, that Mr. Rich found the brick with a device on it, resembling the garden spade used by the Arabs of the present day, and that he thought it singular and curious enough to

deserve a drawing of it, which accompanied his Memoir, as no similar brick has been found in any other part of the extensive ruins of this city.'

Much as we know of Bagdad, and of the manners of its inhabitants, Mr. Buckingham proffers no small portion of novel information:

'The women of Bagdad invariably wear the checquered blue covering, used by the lower orders of females in Egypt; nor among those of the highest rank here are ever seen the black and pink silk scarfs of Cairo, or the white muslin envelopes of Smyrna and Damascus. This, added to the stiff black horse-hair veil which covers the face, gives an air of great gloom and poverty to the females occasionally seen in the streets. When at home, however, their dress is as gay in colours, and as costly in materials, as in any of the great towns of Turkey; and their style of living, and the performance of their relative duties in their families, are precisely the same.

'As the view from our lofty terrace at an early hour in the morning laid open at least eight or ten bed-rooms in different quarters around us, where all the families slept in the open air, domestic scenes were exposed to view, without our being once perceived, or even suspected to be witnesses of them. Among the more wealthy, the husband slept on a raised bedstead, with a mattress and cushions of silk, covered by a thick stuffed quilt of cotton, the bed being without curtains or mosquito net. The wife slept on a similar bed, but always on the ground, that is, without a bedstead, and at a respectful distance from her husband, while the children, sometimes to the number of three or four, occupied only one mattress, and the slaves or servants each a separate mat on the earth, but all lying down and rising up within sight of each other. Every one rose at an early hour, so that no one continued in bed after the sun was up; and each, on rising, folded up his own bed, his coverlid, and pillows, to be taken into the house below, excepting only the children, for whom this office was performed by the slave or the mother.

'None of all these persons were as much undressed as Europeans generally are when in bed. The men retained their shirt, drawers, and often their caftan, a kind of inner cloak. The children and servants lay down with nearly the same quantity of clothes as they had worn in the day; and the mothers and their grown daughters wore the full silken trowsers of the Turks, with an open gown; and, if rich, their turbans, or if poor, an ample red chemise and a simpler covering for the head. In most of the instances which we saw, the wives assisted, with all due respect and humility, to dress and undress their husbands, and to perform all the duties of valets.

'After dressing, the husband generally performed his devotions, while the slave was preparing a pipe and coffee; and, on his seating himself on his carpet, when this was done, his wife served him with her own hands, retiring at a proper distance to wait for the cup, and always standing before him, sometimes, indeed, with the hands

crossed, in an attitude of great humility, and even kissing his hand on receiving the cup from it, as is done by the lowest attendants of the household.

While the husband lounged on his cushions, or sat on his carpet in an attitude of ease and indolence, to enjoy his morning pipe, the women of the family generally prayed. In the greater number of instances they did so separately, and exactly after the manner of the men; but on one or two occasions, the mistress and some other females, perhaps a sister or a relative, prayed together, following each other's motions, side by side, as is done when a party of men are headed in their devotions by an Imaum. None of the females, whether wife, servant, or slave, omitted this morning duty; but among the children under twelve or fourteen years of age, I did not observe any instance of their joining in it.

Notwithstanding the apparent seclusion in which women live here, as they do indeed throughout all the Turkish empire, there are, perhaps, as many accessible dwellings as in any of the large towns under the same dominion. They are, however, much less apparent here than at Cairo, though they are all under such concealment from public notice, as not to offend the scrupulous, or present allurements to the inexperienced by their external marks. It is said, that women of the highest condition sometimes grant assignations at these houses; and this, indeed, cannot be denied, that the facility of clandestine meetings is much greater in Turkish cities, between people of the country, than in any metropolis of Europe. The disguise of a Turkish or Arab female, in her walking dress, is so complete, that her husband himself could not recognise her beneath it; and these places of appointment are so little known but to those who visit them, and so unmarked by any distinction between them and others, that they might be entered or quitted by any person at any hour of the day, without exciting the slightest suspicion of the passers-by.

Among the women to be occasionally seen in Bagdad, the Georgians and Circassians are decidedly the handsomest by nature, and the least disfigured by art. The high born natives of the place are of less beautiful forms and features, and of less fresh and clear complexions; while the middling and inferior orders, having brown skins, and nothing agreeable in their countenances, except a dark and expressive eye, are sometimes so barbarously tattooed as to have the most forbidding appearance. With all ranks and classes, the hair is stained a red colour by henna, and the palms of the hands are so deeply dyed with it, as to resemble the hands of a sailor when covered with tar.

Those only who by blood, or habits of long intercourse, are allied to the Arab race, use the blue stains so common among the Bedouins of the Desert. The passion for this method of adorning the body is carried, in some instances, as far as it could have been among the ancient Britons; for, besides the staining of the lips with that deadly hue, anklets are marked around the legs,

with lines extending upwards from the ankle, at equal distances, to the calf of the legs; a wreath of blue flowers is made to encircle each breast, with a chain of the same pattern hanging perpendicularly between them; and, among some of the most determined belles, a zone, or girdle, of the same singular composition, is made to encircle the smallest part of the waist, imprinted on the skin in such a manner as to be for ever after indelible. There are artists in Bagdad, whose profession it is to decorate the forms of ladies with the newest patterns of wreaths, zones, and girdles, for the bosom or the waist; and as this operation must occupy a considerable time, and many "sittings," as an English portrait-painter would express it, they must possess abundant opportunities of studying, in perfection, the beauties of the female form, in a manner not less satisfactory, perhaps, than that which is pursued in the Royal Academies of Sculpture and Painting in Europe.

To these travels, Mr. Buckingham has appended 'a brief statement of the result of certain legal proceedings connected with the literary character of the author.' It is a masterly and dispassionate enumeration of acts of the most intolerable injustice that were ever committed; and we sincerely trust that its circulation, in conjunction with so valuable a testimonial of the talent and ability of Mr. Buckingham, as is afforded by these travels, will tend to ensure the only reparation which he can now expect—the sympathy and assistance of all honourable friends.

The Gold-headed Cane. Post 8vo. pp. 179. London, 1827. Murray.

We are aware of many book-making transaction which have reflected any thing but credit on their projectors; but it is a considerable time since so flagrant a specimen of this art, as the present work has met our observation. 'A short time before the opening of the new College of Physicians, Mrs. Bailey presented to that learned body, a gold-headed cane; which had been successively carried by Drs. Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and her own lamented husband.' The presentation of this *stick*, has been the primary cause of five biographies, of the above-mentioned five physicians, being tacked together, without the introduction of any new matter, or interesting detail and anecdote; several wood-cuts by Brooke, a pretty display of typography by Davison, and a charge of eight shillings and sixpence to the public, for a volume of one hundred and seventy-nine pages; and these, devoid of an atom of originality, or possessing aught but that which has already appeared in print twenty times. The thing is too barefaced, even for comment, and we are truly astonished at Mr. Murray, for lending his name to such a mediocre and contemptible publication. We leave to others the venal task of praise, where it is not deserved, and to hirelings their award of shame; our's is the path of rectitude, and we should consider our honest fame, and acknowledged judgment at stake, had we given any other opinion of the Gold-headed Cane than that which we have now candidly and justly pronounced.

Modern Arithmetic, the most simplified System ever published, and on an entirely new Plan, drawn up expressly for the purpose of saving at least two-thirds of the time generally employed by Teachers in examining Sums. By WILLIAM RUSSELL, Author of the *Philosophy of Arithmetic, &c.* Part I. London, 1827. H. Hailes.

Mr. RUSSELL's former arithmetical productions have secured him considerable celebrity, and we have no doubt that his present effort will be equally successful. We agree with him, that the present system, as far as it has proceeded, has never been equalled in simplicity, and the teacher will certainly derive from it the important advantage anticipated by the author.

Corrected Report of the Speech delivered by the Right Hon. G. Canning, in the House of Commons, March 1, 1827, on the Corn Laws. pp. 44. Ridgway, 1827.

Upon a subject of such vital importance as the corn laws, it is essential to the interests of society that an unquestionably faithful report of the principles which determine the law should be accessible to the public; and the perspicuous pamphlet, now under view, is not only authentic, but sufficiently comprehensive and clear to give any one, who will take the trouble to read it, a faithful history of the whole question. The speech was avowedly and obviously constructed to conciliate all parties, and that the law to be founded upon it will prevent the extremes of evil to the agriculturist or the public we have no doubt; but, at the same time, we think the effect will be to maintain the present prices of agricultural produce, and, consequently, cannot be satisfactory to those who believe, that the lower the price of provisions, the stronger will be the main springs of manufactures and commerce. Without further comment, we shall give Mr. Canning's project for the regulation of the importations of wheat, merely observing, that that of all other kinds of grain will be subject to similar restrictions:—

'Taking, as the mean term of our plan, the average price of wheat at 60s., and the duty at 20s., it is proposed to diminish that duty by 2s. for every shilling of increase of the average price above 60s.; and, on the contrary, to increase that duty by 2s. for every shilling which the average price shall fall below 60s. The effect of this scale then will be, that, from the assumed price of 60s. up to 61s., there will be a duty of 20s.; from 61s. to 62s., the duty will be 18s.; from 62s. to 63s., the duty will be 16s.; from 63s. to 64s., 14s.; from 64s. to 65s., 12s.; from 65s. to 66s., 10s.; and so on, until the price having arrived at 70s., all duty will cease, and importation be perfectly free—with the exception merely of the nominal duty of registration at the Custom House. Thus at 65s., the duty will be 10s.; and at 70s., it will cease altogether, and importation be perfectly free. This, sir, is the ascending scale of price. On the other hand, as to the descending scale, from 60s. to 59s., there will be an addition of 2s. So that, at 55s., the

duty will amount to 30s.—in other words, to a prohibitory duty, as, it is intended that at that price it should be.

The Birth-Day Present. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. Small 12mo. pp. 66. Holdsworth. The moral tale of this little book is good, but the figurative language in which it is written is above the capacity of children.

The Critics and Scribblers of the Day. A Satire. By a SCRIBBLER. pp. 46. London, 1827. Washbourne.

THIS is an appeal from the censure of one reviewer and the neglect of others, (crimes, we have no doubt, of equal magnitude, in the eyes of a young author,) to the feeling of the public. In the satirical notices of many of the critical tribunals of the day, there is some smartness and no little truth; but unfortunately, the spleen of the writer carries him too far, and much of the poem is 'sicklied o'er' by the yellow cast of envy and most illiberal aspersion. Neele, Hervey, Richardson, Bernard Barton, and Miss Landon, (the latter is styled a 'Moore in petticoats,' an epithet at once ill-natured and complimentary,) individuals not less amiable in their private than honorably distinguished in their public capacities, and whose chief crime is, that their poetical labours have been more successful than those of their satirist, are unmercifully assailed. What advantage the writer of this lampoon anticipates from such a course of proceeding, we know not,—would he effectually humble the rivals whose triumph is so annoying, let him excel them; and having done so, we venture to prophecy that no critical censure or illiberal neglect will prevent the public from acknowledging and rewarding his superiority.

Anti-Slavery Monthly Reporter. No. XX. *Common Sense on Colonial Slavery.* A review of the chief Objections urged against the speedy Manumission of our British Slaves; under distinct heads: with Notes, Appendix, &c. By the Author of the Letters on the same Subject. London, 1827. Hatchard and Son.

THE title of the first of these publications explains its nature; it is a periodical exposé of the barbarities of slave-owners, and of the sophistries of those who defend the system. In this capacity it has much to do, and the work is done with spirit, with laudable forbearance, and with considerable ability.

Common Sense on Colonial Slavery is a successful attempt to examine, by the test of common sense, (that best but most neglected of criterions,) the chief objections advanced against the emancipation of our West India slaves. Most happy are we to observe, this continuous and energetic warfare upon a sordid, savage, and demoralising traffic. In such a cause, perseverance must be ultimately crowned with triumph, and to perseverance we earnestly exhort all who are able to exert themselves in labour so divine.

ORIGINAL.

Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.

SICKNESS AND ITS APPENDAGES,—NEW NAMES FOR OLD COMPLAINTS,—SERIOUS REFLECTIONS—BANKRUPTS AND THEIR PRIVILEGES,—LIBERALITY,—COMMON HONESTY,—ARTISTS AND THEIR PATRONS,—SPRING AND ITS PLEASURES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You consider me as long absent, and kindly inquire after me. I have indeed been amongst the *missing*, though I have not deserted my post, but have been unhappily a wanderer in 'the valley of the shadow of death,' which you will grant is by no means a journey of pleasure. Physicians and apothecaries, nurses and gallipots, form a very gloomy vista, through which an undertaker may be seen peering in the distance, completing the interest of the scene, perhaps, but by no means supplying the agreeable in its picturesque effect.

Nevertheless, 'sweet are the uses of adversity,' and, although no man would chose to live in the 'house of mourning,' every man, whose heart is rightly disposed, will allow that he ought occasionally to be found in it, either as resident or visitant. He will be aware that no one lives much in the world, more especially if he is 'at ease in his possession,' without contracting rust that ought to be rubbed off, ere he ventures into a higher and better state of existence, and may be also sensible that—

'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new lights through chinks that time has made.'
I have always considered what is called a sick-bed repentance, as a thing either impossible or inefficient,—a mere proof of wickedness in past days, and weakness in the present; for who can reason with a head disordered by fever? who be contrite, when his heart is occupied, from necessity, with selfish cares, the offspring of pain and weakness? But surely there is a salutary, and even sweet exercise of the few faculties sickness leaves us, when we endure patiently for the sake of those around us; when we receive thankfully, even the bitter draught administered by love, and, relighting all the best affections of our nature in the moment of our affliction, become sensible of the strength of our bonds, yet willing to resign them? The quiet struggle of the heart which dare not trust itself with words to the beloved wife and tender daughter, in these hours of trial, is surely purified by the ordeal, for never is existence so dear, the spring of spirit so buoyant as in the days of convalescence. Had Miss Mitford never wrote another line save that beautiful speech of the count, who has been sick in Foscari, she would have proved herself at once a poet and a faithful painter of simple nature.

It is a time, too, in which old friendships are renewed, and every kindly feeling warmed and quickened. I can truly say that since I have been visible, my acquaintance have clustered round me like bees. Of them and their attentions, I may speak; of that deeper, tenderer, holier, debt due to my wife and children, I cannot; but how I am affected on

this point will be conceived by those who know that we have thoughts treasured in our 'heart of hearts,' like fountains of living waters, in which our faint and thirsty souls can feed in the hour of trouble, and for which we are grateful in that of restoration.

I have been fatigued by some visitants, but amused by others, though all have approached me with some kind of complaint. It is natural, perhaps, to suppose, that those who have recently suffered should be full of sympathy, but it is by no means a good plan for a patient, although it may be a very natural one for his visitant. A very good girl has just now been telling me that her sister 'had a terrible cold which has fallen on her nerves, and produced such an irritable affection, that she was worn out with waiting upon her.' 'Your sister is indeed very cross, my dear, at being confined,' said poor Mrs. Oldworthy innocently, from which I was much enlightened, and yesterday an old friend, whose niece's disorders he had been recapitulating very scientifically, concluded by saying that her disorders proceeded solely from *depraved appetite*; as I looked in his face with somewhat of poor Uncle Toby's simple surprise when Mr. Shandy was too learned for him, he kindly continued to say, 'The poor girl lies very late in bed, sir, so that very soon after her breakfast, my lunch takes place, at which she always joins me, and eats pretty heartily; then she takes a short drive, and usually stops at a pastry-cook's, where she eats a basin of turtle soup and tarts, cakes and jellies, *ad libitum*. It is all she can do to dress for dinner, which is, you know, at all times a heavy meal, and so altogether it is too much for her digestive organs, as a young and delicate female.'

How grand all this sounded to a plain man like me, accustomed to call such diseases faults of the mind, yclept epicurism and gluttony. God help me! I thought there was depravity, but never should have dreamt of dressing it up so prettily, and I very much question if Abernethy himself could have been so amiably indulgent as my old friend.

But we live in times of indulgence and liberality. This time last year every day was offering us the shock of a new bankruptcy. Where are, at this moment, those persons that shook the land as by earthquake? They are all dwelling in fine houses, elegantly furnished, surrounded by all the luxuries of life. It is not the fashion for lawyers, or assignees, to be severe on those *unfortunate gentlemen*, who on the strength of a very few thousands will run half a million into debt; those active young men, who with two or three hundred in possession, will chouse their neighbours out of fifty thousand pounds. They are too liberal to deprive these active citizens of their comforts, look with a narrow eye into their expenditure, or inquire 'how they continue to live, to thrive, and even to embark again in extensive speculations?' Indeed one would think, to look at the thing as it appears in their case, that to be *ruined* was a mere term in trade, 'full of sound and fury,' but signifying 'nothing.' But, ah! Mr. Editor, there is sorrow and poverty felt some-

where from these causes. Bitter tears are shed in dark corners by the hard-working artisan, the industrious tradesman, whose slowly treasured earnings the result of many years exertions, are swallowed up in a moment, thus depriving his family of support, his age of solace, and his widow of bread. Surely some consideration ought, in mere decency, to be given to the feelings of these injured persons, as well as to those who were their injurers. Charity is fashionable as well as liberality, and it might teach a bankrupt that it is bad taste to affect grandeur in the moment of humiliation, and to lacerate the wounds he has already inflicted, and some gentle lessons on this subject might be read by his friends. The very last walk I took on the Hampstead road, I met a worthy, industrious man, who having lost his little all by a recent bankruptcy, had been compelled to give up his house, and had taken a lodging, for cheapness, in Kentish Town, to which he was slowly walking. As I crossed over, to show him that attention to which misfortunes entitle even humble life, I observed he looked very pale, and, on inquiring if he were well? was answered, 'I am not amiss in my health, except so far as care and low living may bring me down, but at this moment I am a little fluttered, for, not two minutes since, — — — passed me; he was mounted on a fine charger, sir, and his wife on a beautiful palfrey, and they looked so magnificent, it overcame me. I am sixty-five, and I cannot afford to get on the outside of a coach; and my poor wife, sir—'

He was unable to say more, and wringing my hand, he hastened to his humble, altered, home, and to the suffering partner whose silver hairs this insolent and unfeeling bankrupt had steeped in sorrow. Can we not all conceive how the 'iron would enter his soul' when he saw this cruel display of style, and followed in idea, to their elegant home, this fashionable pair, who, only six months before, had stripped him of every comfort, and had not yet produced a shilling in the pound? Surely these things are the crying sins of the land, and they must be remedied; our bankrupt laws are so excellent in their wisdom, so amiable in their mercy, that I question if Mr. Peel, enlightened as he is, could revise them to any good purpose. It is to the public opinion, to the sense of integrity, once possessed by us as a nation, to that respect for *common honesty*, which ought to be instilled into the hearts of our children from their cradle, to which we must look for an antidote. Let that part of society which terms itself religious, *par excellence*, insist on the necessity of justice, as the evidence of faith. Let those who consider themselves the polished and the high, insist on the necessity of strict honour in their associates, and the deed is done. If all would give pity where pity is due, and shower contempt and infamy on those who have earned it, we should soon have a much less number worthy of the prize. The law of libel shackles the press, but no law can shackle the eye that can look down a legal robber; no action lie against the tongue which is silent to a stylish swindler; every human being can do

somewhat towards purifying his native soil from this defiling noxious weed—this pestilence arrayed in the garb of mercy.

So! the artists are all alive, you tell us. No thanks to the British Institution, which not only keeps them in a proper state during Lent, but unfortunately prolongs their days of fasting through the year, by appropriating their shillings to those who are already immortal, and their space to one who has three kingdoms at his command. This, again, is not as it should be; the directors know perfectly well that they have no need whatever to purchase pictures, for when were they refused the loan of the very best in the world by their possessors? Therefore, there is no shadow of a reason why they should not expend the money earned by living artists in the purchase of pictures by living artists, and in giving prizes to merit, according to their original plan. I rejoice to hear that the mart in Suffolk Street is re-opening, and trust that the spirited little band who constitute the British Society, will find the encouragement so justly their due. Of one thing I am at least certain, their speculations will hurt nobody but themselves if they miscarry; and if they succeed, they will not only benefit themselves, but those who have helped them; for what can more extend the refined, and even *virtuous* enjoyments of life, than the possession of a pleasing picture. How lost should I be without the landscapes on my walls, now I am too weak for conversation, too *distract* for reading.

Happily, the spring airs, and flowers out of town, and the exhibitions *within*, will soon be all afloat, and I hope to hunt out a primrose, or luxuriate over a painting, in a short time. Should I be able, and you are really not tired of old Jonathan*, I will give you some account of my rambles and opinions; but it is, perhaps, equally probable that a relapse may cut short my project, and death itself put a period to my prattling. Addison says it is a *melancholy* reflection, 'that the sun will shine as bright, and the meadows be as green,' when we are gone, as whilst we lived and enjoyed them; but in this respect, Mr. Editor, I totally differ from that excellent writer, for I neither want the land to mourn for me, nor any person in it. I know, indeed, there are those who must, perforce, 'drop natural tears' for me; but I trust they will 'wipe them down.' All the business of life, and all its pleasures too, will go on as well without me; plain men will speak plain truths, and old men will be garrulous, as I am now. I have, indeed, somewhat of a presentiment, that these are *last words*; but as the feeling may arise only from having exhausted myself by this long letter, I shall not trouble you with a sentimental adieu from your old friend.

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

P. S. I rejoice exceedingly to see new editions out of the works of Henry Neele. I consider him a poet gifted with the pure spirit of his art, and a far better taste than nine out of ten, whom we yet deem of high

* Tired! No, Oldworthy, ~~we~~ shall never be tired of you.—ED.

talent. He unites the buoyancy of youth with the force of manhood,—the playfulness of an exuberant fancy with the pathos of unaffected sensibility.

THE VOLCANO. A FRAGMENT.

I AM the mountain—I am the fountain
Of ever-living fire;
I am the source of the lava's course,
Of its flaming powers the sire.
I am the mouth of the sulphurous south,
Earth's vitals are merely my ashes;
Of mineral splendour, destruction I gender,
And up the high heaven it dashes.
I war with the day, in a horrible way,
And turn its hours to gloom;
I war with the night, for I pierce it with light,
And its murky folds illumine,
I war with the land, and its pigmy band,
I war with the daring ocean; [shores,
With my vehement roars I shake the firm
And the billows recoil in commotion.
'Tis ages ago, since I woke in a glow,
And rose up in all my pride;
And fierce generations of monarchs and nations,
Since then have existed and died.
No power, no age, can conquer my rage,
I live the accursing and cursed; [dens,
On me fate depends, I have earthquakes in
That long for my signal to burst.

J. J. L.

CONTINENTAL SCENES.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

In the beginning of last summer, whilst walking, towards the close of the evening, in the garden of the Palais Royal, my attention was arrested by a man whose stature was above the middle size, his gait noble and majestic, but whose thick grey beard and ragged habiliments indicated the greatest poverty. 'No doubt,' said a friend who was with me, 'you take him for one of those paid heroes who attend upon the students of painting, and, for a small pecuniary recompense, are ever ready to become, on account of their harsh countenances and athletic forms, models for an Anchises, an Ajax, an Oedipus, or a Cicero. The person before us, however, has never speculated either on his wrinkles or his beard, and those who should dare to make him any such proposition, would have no reason to congratulate themselves upon their reception. He is an ex-sergeant sapper of the 86th regiment; a brave man, who has never asked assistance of any one, and who lives on a pension of 300 francs, allowed him by his country, to whose glory he has contributed; he lives in a sixth floor in the Rue Mouffetard, spends philosophically fifty centimes a day, and comes regularly after dinner to take the air beneath the trees of the Palais Royal. His hat, which is falling in pieces, will scarcely protect him from the inclemency of the weather; but he has experienced the ardent sun of Egypt and the rigorous frosts of Russia; and if his ragged shoes will barely protect his feet from the wet earth or rough pavement, he at least has the happiness of knowing what it is to take cold only by name. Robust, vigorous, and weather-proof, no season of the year nor change in the atmosphere can prevent his accustomed walk: the evening in

which he absents himself will be the last of his life. This philosopher, as poor and much wiser than Diogenes, knows no one in the world, and does not care to become acquainted with any one; he shuns the egotism, ingratitude, and deliberate viciousness of man, yet he is not lost to his fellow creatures in the day of peril; he has snatched more than twenty persons from the flames or from drowning, yet has never solicited a medal from government; nay, what is still more surprising, he has never waited for "I thank you" from any one whose life he has preserved; he does good, not to excite gratitude, but for the pleasure of doing good.

I felt moved by this recital: "Listen," said my friend, "I can relate an anecdote of him which I had read this morning in *L'Opinion* of yesterday, and which, I think, will induce you to esteem our old soldier. Very lately, a child lost itself in the gardens of the Palais Royal; a crowd was collected by its cries; it was questioned to whom it belonged, or where it lived, but it could give none of the particulars desired,—it answered only with tears. Night was drawing in apace, every one tried to console the poor little fellow, but no one thought of offering him an asylum. Our sapper rushed through the crowd, and taking the child by the hand, said, "Come, my little friend, come with me, I have not much, but you shall partake with me; we will walk together, every day, in this garden, and should it prove that cruel parents have abandoned you, or that no one will claim you, I will be a parent to you myself; so long as I live you shall not die of hunger." The old warrior was leading off his young charge, when the nursery maid, who had lost the child, came running towards him. The soldier reprimanded her severely for her negligence, kissed his little protégé, and turned towards his lowly dwelling. He now never enters the garden, but he looks eagerly round for this child of his adoption, but the servant has received orders to shun him, and the child itself has forgotten him." Much interested by this simple narrative, I endeavoured to approach this fine old worthy; I got close to him, and, looking in his face, recognised, with astonishment, the old serjeant who, at the retreat of Waterloo, had protected me in my flight, shared his bread with me, and, when overcome with fatigue, had made me a bed with his own mantle; yet whom, when pursued by the enemy, I had afterwards abandoned with cowardly ingratitude. I immediately made myself known to him and expressed my obligations. "I did, then," said he, "only that which my duty dictated; you were very young, and it behoved me to protect your inexperience. I am glad to see you again; what a number of events have succeeded the 18th of June, 1815!" "Yes, you are poor, and, as to myself, a death-warrant hangs over me; I am here under a false name. I was a friend to liberty, and the Bourbons have compelled me to seek an asylum in a foreign land."—"Do dangers threaten you? Come home with me; I will conceal you, and you shall once more share the fortune of an old soldier." I pressed his hand in mine, but refused his

offers, and bade him adieu, for had my retreat been discovered, this brave man would have lost his pension, which was all he had to depend upon.

SONNET.

A Birth-day Reflection.

THE wind in gusty strength assails the beam
Of morn—the flowers, that upward cast their forms,
Like eyelids awakened from a fitful dream,
Passed through uneasy sleep by vision's storms,
Venture abroad—the wild fowls swim the stream,
And youth and beauty, sweetened by the air,
Exalt their life in joyous temperament:—
Man, that hath worn the habitude of care,
Whose brightest hours in solitude are spent,
Hails not his birthday with an equal share;
The time reminds him that his ripening breath
Will, like a shadow passing o'er the ground,
Fade into silence, lassitude, and death,
Of which no tone is heard, no trace is found.
March 17th, 1827. * R. *

CHEAP PLEASURES.

PLEASURE is certainly one of the necessities of life, and, in these days of privation and of economical endeavour, I hold him no mean patriot, who shall point out and strenuously recommend the duty of indulging only in those that are of a cheap and reasonable kind. The absurdity of measuring enjoyment by its cost, and of refusing to be comfortable till we have paid a good round sum for the privilege, is too palpable to require much comment; and yet the error so universally obtains, and the prejudice is so deeply rooted, that I question whether even my remarks will be of much avail. This feeling pervades not only those classes in which its gratification might be of comparative service to society, its ramifications extend to those among whom extravagance should be considered as a vice of the worst and most injurious tendency, and upon whom, perhaps, no greater benefit could be conferred than that of teaching them how truly subordinate an agent, in matters of *real* enjoyment, is money. Before, however, they can be fit to receive this 'great moral lesson,' it should be the object of their instructors to bring out into light, life, and action, that instinctive love of nature in all her pure simplicity, which, I believe, may be found in the breast of *every* man, however warped by accident, deadened by habit, or lost amidst a crowd of mean associations. Then it may be shown how few are the genuine pleasures that are not as much within the grasp of the lowliest child of 'poorth,' as that of the proudest possessor of thousands, how little *mere* wealth is able to command, and how much of good a well-cultivated enthusiasm for things which ought not to be undervalued, because they are open to all a healthy imagination and an active sympathy can effect.

I was proceeding in this profound manner, and was just about to enumerate all the cheap pleasures with which I am acquainted, and to lay down rules for their pursuit and acquisition, when the solemnity of my meditations was disturbed by the entrance of my amiably eccentric friend, Peregrine Romancier, Esq. Laying his head over my shoulder, with the graceful familiarity for which he is so famous, 'Cheap pleasures!' he exclaimed; 'Why, the very idea is an absurdity. Nothing can be pleasant that is not expensive. Fame,

love, life itself, all are dearly bought, and who grudges the price? Besides, be as eloquent as you please on the subject, you can never say such good things about it as have been said by Dr. Aikin;' and he produced from his pocket a volume, and continued—'This is one of three interesting volumes, by Dr. Drake, (with whom your foolish reverence for a few noisy critics has prevented you from becoming acquainted, and whose forthcoming *Mornings in Spring* I look for as anxiously as for spring itself;) he is speaking of Berkeley's *Essay on Pleasures*, natural and fantastical, and he maintains, as you do, that a taste for unsophisticated, cheap, and easily procurable pleasures, forms one of the chief ingredients in the cup of human happiness. The bishop,' my friend continued, 'has presented us, on this head, with some just observations on the misery attendant upon excessive and artificial desires, and has painted, in forcible language, the permanent gratification resulting from the confinement of our wishes and enjoyments within the range of such rational and simple pleasures as we have the prospect of usually attaining. No author, however, has on this theme surpassed Dr. Aikin; in whose letters to his son are some admirable remarks on the utility, (and absolute necessity, indeed, to human comfort,) of cultivating and cherishing an attachment for cheap pleasures. Of these he very properly arranges domestic enjoyments in the first rank, books in the second, conversation in the third, the study of nature in the fourth, and a taste for the beautiful and sublime in the fifth and last. And this,' continued Peregrine, 'is his eulogium on the resources to be derived from a library, in which I for one entirely agree:—

"At the head of all the pleasures which offer themselves to the man of liberal education, may confidently be placed that derived from books. In variety, durability, and facility of attainment, no other can stand in competition with it, and even in intensity it is inferior to few. Imagine that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, and oblige them to converse with us on the most interesting topics,—what an inestimable privilege we should think it!—how superior to all the common enjoyments! But in a well-furnished library we, in fact, possess this power. We can question Xenophon and Cæsar on their campaigns, make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audiences of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton. In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress. We can at pleasure exclude dulness and impertinence, and open our doors to wit and good sense alone.

"It is needless to repeat the high commendations that have been bestowed on the study of letters, by persons who had free access to every other source of gratification. Instead of quoting Cicero to you, I shall in plain terms give you the result of my own experience on this subject. If domestic enjoyments have contributed in the first degree to the happiness of my life (and I should be un-

grateful not to acknowledge that they have,) that the pleasures of reading have beyond all question held the second place. Without books I have never been able to pass a single day to my entire satisfaction: with them no day has been so dark as not to have its pleasure. Even pain and sickness have for a time been charmed away by them. By the easy provision of a book in my pocket, [the most excellent plan imaginable,] observed Peregrine *en passant*,] I have frequently worn through long nights and days in the most disagreeable parts of my profession, with all the difference in my feelings between calm content and fretful impatience. Such occurrences have afforded me full proof both of the possibility of being cheaply pleased, and of the consequence it is of to the sum of human felicity, not to neglect minute attentions [at this passage I observed a slight blush on the cheek of Peregrine,] to make the most of life as it passes. Reading may in every sense be called a *cheap* amusement. No apparatus, no appointment of time and place, is necessary for the enjoyment of reading. From the midst of bustle and business you may, in an instant, by the magic of a book, plunge into scenes of remote ages and countries, and disengage yourself from present care and fatigue. 'Sweet pliability of man's nature,' (cries Sterne, on relating an occurrence of this kind in his *Sentimental Journey*,) that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments."

'There now,' said Peregrine, flinging the volume towards me, 'will you attempt to cope with Dr. Aikin on the subject of cheap pleasures? I think not; but let's to dinner.'

And we did so.

REUBEN.

STANZAS

Written on hearing *** **** accompany her Voice with the Harp.

ABOVE her harp the lady bent,
And softly sung and sweetly smiled;
Her look bespoke a mind content,
A heart that love had ne'er beguiled.
The song she sung was one of youth,
That time, ere hopes come mixed with fears;
Ere falsehood takes the place of truth,
And laughing eyes are filled with tears.
The lady rises, backward flings
The dark locks from her snowy brow;
Again she sweeps the silver string,
But, ah! the strain is altered now.
A mournful look is in her eyes,
With trembling haste her fingers move;
Her words come mingled forth with sighs,
For, oh! the song she sings, is love.
That song, too truly plainly told,
How early hopes had been deceived;
How that warm heart, I deem'd so cold,
Had known of love, and had believed.
Alas! that love, though meant to bless;
Sweet woman's bane so oft should be;
That innocence and faithfulness
Should be allied to misery.

S. R.

FINE ARTS.

The Passes of the Alps. By WILLIAM BROCKEDON, Member of the Academy of Fine Arts, at Florence. No. 1. Rodwell and Co.

WE will not enter into an elaborate digest of the great progress which the fine arts, within these last fifty years, have made in England;—the fact has become palpable, and every month, the teeming press adduces fresh evidences of this truism. Among those names of whom fame has made honourable mention, may be reckoned that of Mr. Brockedon. We have heretofore admired his productions, which possess a freshness some of his professional brethren cannot attain; and, in the present instance, we compliment him on his taste in choosing such a subject for his pencil, as the passes of the Alps, and yet more on the spirited and vivid execution apparent in this his first number. Here is no fervent stretch of imagination to be embodied, but the grand and sublime realities of nature to be portrayed; and he who can infuse even a portion of the spirit of the original into the petty space of his canvass, deserves not only well of his contemporaries, but the thanks and admiration of posterity. Our artist has done this, and his efforts have been nobly seconded by the engravers. We shall now notice singly the two vignettes and six plates with which this number is adorned, and afterwards, shall pay attention to the fourteen pages of letter-press accompanying them. The first, the pass near La Tuille, engraved by Edward Finden, is really exquisite, the mingling of the darker with the lighter tints, the bold foreground, and the receding and almost vanishing perspective, are admirably done; whilst the scathed pine, an emblem of desolateness, amid these rugged regions overhangs, with its few and withered branches, the brawling mountain-torrent underneath. We must fail to give an adequate description of this scene, which, to be viewed must be admired. The Vale of Gresivaudan, from the terrace of the Chateau Bayard, by the same artist, is a complete contrast to the preceding; it is a placid picture of repose, and the long line of landscape, dotted with its villages and winding streams, is bounded by the towering crests of the Alps: the station from whence the view was taken, (the birth-place of the irreproachable Chevalier Bayard,) adds not a little to its other charms. Roche Blanche, rich in its picturing of sterility, is a noble sketch. The most prominent feature is the celebrated White Rock, crowned with a forest of pines; the pass winding up the opposite eminences is plainly discernible. Scene from the little St. Bernard, looking towards the Tarantaise, exhibits much boldness, the picturesque crosses and figures relieve the somewhat monotony of the vista of the lengthened vale, encompassed on each side by the gigantic range of mountains, bare and sterile. Colonne de Joux and Hospice, on the little St. Bernard, the site of the encampment of Hannibal, (S. C. Varrall,) is the delineation of a rugged plain, with a collection of large stones; this plate is rather bald in feature, but we presume had its

station here on account of the historic associations hanging round the spot; we may, however, mention that the execution is fine, and forms a very creditable specimen of the powers of the burin. Mont Blanc, from the Baths of St. Dedier, as a work of art, does not exactly please us; it is true, there is a fineness of detail about it, which in some instances is very requisite, but in the present, the secret of our dislike is, this very cause—boldness is forgotten; and boldness of character ought to be preserved, where the scene described is full of nature's most tremendous powers; besides the plate wants a darker tone, a re-touching would much improve it. In Mont Blanche and the Valley of Aosta, [Finden,] the fineness of execution forms its chiefest beauty; here a delicacy of touch amalgamates with the subject, the clustering foliage, the sweeping and verdant lawns, the river half in shade, the gentle descents, and the whole appearance of the peaceful and almost slumbering vale, require a softness which is strictly and beautifully given; the foreground is Fort Roc, and the introduction of a man leaning over the wall, in the attitude of throwing a stone down the precipice, serves to enhance the interest of the rest. Ascent of the Little St. Bernard, from the Tarantaise, (Robert Brandard,) is very sweet, it possesses a beauty of perspective which is not often apparent in such sketches; and the crosses, fading into distance, showing the line of route; the bleakness of the scene; and the mules laden with casks, driven by a peasant, improve the fineness of design, and render this one of the most pleasing of the eight engravings. The map, illustrating the pass of the Little St. Bernard, is likewise worthy of praise.

We shall now turn to the literary portion of the number, which is clearly and rather elegantly written.

'Route from Grenoble to Aosta, by the Pass of the Little Saint Bernard.'

'This route presents to the traveller some of the most beautiful scenes of Dauphiny, the Tarantaise, and Piedmont. Excellent carriage roads through the vale of Gresivaudan, conduct, on either side of the river Isere, to the great route of the Cenis; that on its right bank by Lumbin, Fort Barraud, and Chapareillan on the frontiers of Savoy, enters the Cenis road between Chambery and Montmelian: on the left bank the road passes through Goncelin, and Pont Charra; the last town on the French frontiers, and falls into the Cenis route at the village of Planèse, where Montmelian, its old fort*, and the vale of the Isere, present one of the finest views between Lyons and Turin.

'The vale of Gresivaudan, or plain of Grenoble, one of the richest in France in corn, wine, and other products of the soil, is nowhere surpassed in scenes of picturesque

* It was formerly considered one of the strongest fortifications in Europe: the treachery of the governor gave it to the possession of Henry the Fourth of France in 1600. Whilst he was besieging it, he narrowly escaped with his life from a cannon shot; and his son Louis the Thirteenth, after having invested it fifteen months, was compelled to raise the siege. The fort was demolished by the French in 1703, and has never since been restored.'

beauty. From the road to Lumbin, the views toward the south-east are bounded by the lofty range of mountains which form the northern side of the Val Romanche, and from the left bank of the Isere the opposite mountains appear, by their proximity, to hang over the road beneath them, in bold and precipitous masses.

'At the upper end of the valley there are some scenes which the traveller should visit. Near Chapareillan, the bold range of mountains which bound the north-eastern side of the valley, and divides it from the Grand Chartreuse, terminates in Mont Grenier, part of which fell in 1249, and produced an interesting field for the researches of the geologist in the Abymes of Myans.

'On the right of the road, ascending by Goncelin, near Pont Charra, are the ruins of the Chateau Bayard, where the chevalier "*sans peur et sans reproche*" was born in the year 1476: the remains are not picturesque, except those of the old entrance; but the views from the ruined terrace are very fine, particularly towards Mont la Tuile above Montmelian; in this direction the eye commands the scene from Pont Charra to Fort Barraud, the windings of the Isere, and, beyond it, the plain extending almost to Chamberry.

'At Montmelian, where the great road to the Isere crosses the Cenis, the traveller from Grenoble by Pont Charra enters upon the line of the march of Hannibal into Italy. This subject of deep inquiry and great interest to the historian, has been most ably illustrated in a Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps, by a Member of the University of Oxford, which offers such clear and essential evidence as every one acquainted with the various passes of the Alps, and who is interested in the inquiry, must consider conclusive. It traces the route of Hannibal into Italy from the Rhone, and shows that, after he had ascended the river, and defeated the Allobroges, he passed the Mont du Chat, near Chamberry, thence marched to Montmelian, and ascended by the right bank of the Isere to the passage of the Alps by the Little Saint Bernard.

'From Montmelian to L'Hopital Conflans, the road which leads to the Tarentaise ascends by the right bank of the Isere, through a succession of beautiful scenes, which are sometimes rendered more interesting by ruins of baronial castles. One of the most remarkable of these is the chateau Moilans, whose towers still seem to frown from their high rock on the passing traveller. In the early part of the sixteenth century, this castle was purchased by one of the dukes of Savoy, and made the state prison of the dutchy.

'This part of the route abounds with villages, whose inhabitants appear to be numerous, and their industry is evinced by the highly cultivated state of the valley. L'Hopital is situated on the right bank of the river Arly, which divides it from Conflans, and at the base of the hill, on the sides of which Conflans is built. A good street and excellent inns are scarcely expected by the English traveller, but these are to be found at L'Hopital. The road up the valley of the

Isere from Conflans makes a considerable turn from a north-east to a south south-east direction, and above this inflection the scenes are more confined; the lower ranges of mountains more richly wooded, the valley, through which there is an excellent road, is pastoral and retired in its character; though chateaux are still seen jutting out on rocks and commanding situations, from the rich back-ground of forest trees. Some grand rocky scenes present themselves to the traveller before he arrives at the neat village of Aigue Blanche; beyond this place the valley narrows to a ravine, by the side of which there is a well constructed road to Moutiers, the chief town of the Tarentaise. Moutiers is situated in a little plain nearly surrounded by mountains, and is celebrated for its salt works, mines, and mineral springs.

'From Moutiers a mule-road leads by the valley of the Doron, over the Col de la Vanoise to Termignon, on the great road of the Mont Cenis; a journey of interest, and of easy accomplishment in the height of summer. At the distance of a few miles from Moutiers, the road passes by the hot and mineral baths of Brida, or, as they are called in the old records of Savoy, La Perriere; they are now much resorted to by invalids. The temperature of the water is about 96 of Fahrenheit, and it contains about 140th part of saline matter.

'On leaving Moutiers, to pursue the route to the Little Saint Bernard, the Isere is still ascended, but in another direction, nearly parallel to the road from Montmelian to Conflans: for a short distance the ascent is rapid, through a ravine; then leaving the Isere, the road passes by the village of St. Marcel, and encounters the river again at La Saute de Pucelle, a tremendous gorge, at whose base the Isere is seen forcing its passage. The road is carried over the rocks, three hundred feet, nearly perpendicular, above the river, to enter the valley of Centron, where, though the vine is still cultivated, and the valley is studded with villages, it assumes a comparatively sterile appearance; the mountain side, which abruptly descends to the river, is clothed with pines, which now prevail among the foliage; and the mountains of the Little Saint Bernard close the vista.' * * * * *

'While the author of these Illustrations was sketching the Roche Blanche, a respectable-looking farmer, on horseback, who was passing, rested for a moment, and said, "That, sir, is the Roche Blanche; formerly a great general, called Hannibal, passed this way with his army, and fought a battle here." Tradition is good collateral evidence, though of little value alone. On many other passes of the Alps the name of Hannibal has been left by inquirers into this interesting subject, and become familiar to the peasantry. The Viso, the Cenis, the Genèvre, and the Grand Saint Bernard, have their traditions, and even on the snows and glaciers of the Cervin, the author was told by his guide that the fort of St. Theodule, on that mountain, was built by Hannibal in his passage there; and talked of Tite Live and Polybe as authority for his assertions. The traditions, however, of the

passage of Hannibal by the Little Saint Bernard assume a higher character; they are not confined to the pass of the mountain, but may be traced on this route from the Rhone to Turin. The old Roman road over the Graian Alps passed to the right of the Roche Blanche; at present, a modern road, on the other side, through Saint Germain, conducts by an easy ascent above the village to the Hospice and plain of the Col: the heavy snows which fall here in winter have induced the precaution of raising poles at certain distances to guide the traveller, sometimes these posts have cross pieces nailed on at the top, rather to assist the traveller's course by its direction than from any religious motive. It would employ about three hours to walk from the Roche Blanche to the Hospice on the summit of this pass. From about half way up, the view, looking back, is striking: the valley of Centron, the road winding down the mountain to Saint Germain, the side of the Roche Blanche hanging over the Reclus, and the beautiful forms of the mount Iseran, combine to form a fine Alpine scene. The Hospice on the summit is on the brink of the descent to the Tarentaise: bread, butter, and cheese, sometimes meat, and always wine, may be had there. In 1824, it was occupied by a man and his wife, with a family of hardy children. He is stationed there by the Sardinian government, and remains all the year; he is directed to assist and relieve the poor traveller gratis, but those who can afford to pay, discharge the expenses which they incur as at an inn. It was formerly held by some monks from the Great Saint Bernard, whose cells and little chapel are now in ruins; these have been left so since the year 1794, when, during the wars of Italy, France poured her republican soldiery through the defiles of the Alps. The summit of the Little Saint Bernard was then the site of some military operations not surpassed by any deeds of daring in those regions; but though they want the mystery and magnitude which the mists of time throw over distant events, the heroism displayed in the conquest of this pass is not forgotten in the annals of France. On the 24th of April, 1794, a division, under General A. Dumas, armed only with swords and muskets, and at this most difficult and dangerous season, attacked the stations of the Austria-Sardinians on these mountains. After having for two days struggled through the accumulated snows, and crossed precipices, to contend with indestructible ramparts, bristled with artillery, and defended by superior numbers, they forced a triple redoubt on Mont Valaisan, carried a position of twelve hundred men on the Belveder, and compelled the guardians of the pass to defend themselves at the Hospice: against this position the cannon of the conquered redoubts were turned, and the French soon drove their enemies from this disastrous post, which was laid in ruins, to take refuge in the valleys of Piedmont.'

But we must cease. The succeeding numbers of The Passes of the Alps will appear at intervals of three months. We have no doubt, if the work is continued with that spirit apparent in the beginning, that

the patronage of an admiring public will reward the labours of the artist, and excite him to yet further exertion. A hope which we are anxious to behold realized.

The plate which belonged to his late Royal Highness the Duke of York is now arranged for sale, and advertised for Monday next. Mr. Christie invited many persons of rank and fortune to a private view in the beginning of the week, and the following description of a few of the richest or most tasteful articles has been given in a morning paper. The value of the whole collection is estimated at £330,000:—

That grand work of art, the Shield of Achilles, designed and modelled by Flaxman, and exquisitely chased in silver and gilt, by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, excited great attention. This noble work, in which the ideas of Homer, in the beautiful Episode in the eighteenth book of the Iliad, have been (possibly for the first time,) embodied and realised by the plastic art; and with a spirit, grace, and feeling, that redound to the high fame of Flaxman, occupies a convex disk of ample size.

—‘The immense and solid shield,
Rich various artifice emblazed the field.’

In the circular compartment, which forms the centre, is represented the sun in a quadriga, in alto-relief, surrounded by various constellations, on a celestial planisphere.

‘There shone the visage of the master mind,
There earth and heaven, there ocean he designed;
The unwearied sun, the moon completely round
The starry light that heaven’s high convex crowned.’

Round this are described, in successive groups, the marriage procession and banquet—the quarrel and judicial appeal—the siege and ambuscade and military engagements—the harvest field—the vintage—shepherds defending their herds attacked by lions, and the Cretan dance. The waves of the sea form the borders of the shield.

‘Thus the broad shield complete the artist crowned
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round.’

It has a plinth of wood, with a glazed cover, made to circumsolve for the convenience of viewing every part of it. The weight of the silver is about 634 ounces.

Another article which excited equal admiration, was a magnificent candelabrum, or group, for the centre of the table, made by Lewis, representing Hercules attacking the Hydra, and surrounded by its nine heads, which bear as many nozzles for the lights. Iolas, the companion of Hercules, is seizing the neck of the monster below. The group is supported on a mass of rock work, about the base of which are various reptiles. The weight of the whole is 1144 oz. 5 dwts., and cost his late royal highness 1500 guineas.

A magnificent bowl, or cistern, 18½ inches in diameter, was greatly admired for its beauty and magnificence. This was also made by Lewis. The neck and lip are entwined with vines in fruit, and with two figures of Tritons bending over the rim and looking in. On the outside of the bowl are represented combats of Roman galleys, with numerous figures very spiritedly designed. This grand bowl is supported by four figures of Tritons blowing their conchs, and stirring

up the combatants. The bowl is burnished, and the figures and relief are executed in mat gold. The weight is 811 oz. 19 dwts., and cost 1500 guineas.

Around the room are suspended the skins of different animals; some splendid horse furniture and dresses, and armour worn by eastern warriors. Among them is a most beautiful horse furniture of black velvet, ornamented with gold lace, with stirrups and buckles of gold. A dress worn by Tippoo Saib is among the collection.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Monday evening, a gentleman (being his first appearance on any stage,) sustained the arduous character of Othello. Money (we have heard the sum of £100,) procured him this honour. If to eternally mouth and rant the fine sentences of the bard be requisites for this part, then is the effort of this gentleman a most successful one. Laughter was the prevailing order of the evening, and the curtain dropped on one of the most grotesque performances which have ever embellished or disgraced a metropolitan theatre.

A new farce, entitled *Comfortable Lodgings, or Paris in 1750*, was produced on Saturday last, and has been since repeated, but is neither very remarkable for wit nor originality.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—On Wednesday evening was produced an alteration of Shirley’s comedy of *The Gamesters*, under the title of *The Wife’s Stratagem, or more Frightened than Hurt*. That very clever dramatist, Poole, has the honour of this new adaptation, and his present effort is not unworthy of his ability. A considerable portion of Shirley’s play is preserved; the plot, which, in the original, is somewhat of the broad and lascivious cast, has been softened down, though without losing its strength and contrast of character; the dialogue has undergone a considerable change, suited to the taste of the present time, and these, aided by most excellent acting, have combined to render this comedy eminently and deservedly successful. We shall not enter into a detailed account, but shall observe, that Messrs. Warde and Jones, as Wilding and Volatile, fully supported their established fame; the former, however, must yet learn to modulate his fine tones, and to forget declamation in natural expression; these are points which we have urged on him before, and we trust, for his own sake and the delight of his audiences, he will yet attend to them. Jones, as usual, was all alacrity of motion, yet we have seen him to equal advantage in other characters. Old Barnacle and his nephew Bobby (sustained by Farren and Keeley,) were humorously given, but the former was not so successful as heretofore in raising a laugh. Mrs. Chatterley performed Mrs. Wilding with much propriety of mien and action, and Arabella, who had, for her representative, Madame Vestris, charmed and delighted a most respectable and numerous auditory. The comedy was rapturously received, and was announced for repetition amid unanimous applause.

VARIETIES.

The scrupulousness of the Dean of Westminster, in fulfilling the bequests in the will of the late Mr. Gifford, was so rigid, that, to the extreme regret of the lovers of epistolary literature, he destroyed a most interesting and very extensive correspondence between his deceased friend and the late accomplished Mr. George Ellis, relating principally to English literature, especially the distinguished poets who flourished during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I.

It is stated, in the Dutch papers received in the beginning of the week, that another rich gold-mine has been discovered in Russia.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has communicated to the trustees of the British Museum, that in consequence of the depressed state of the finances of the country, only twelve thousand pounds per annum can, in future, be appropriated to the new buildings, instead of forty thousand pounds, the sum given during the last two or three years.

The proprietors of Vauxhall intend, next season, to abolish entirely the out-doors orchestra department of the entertainment, which, ever since the first establishment of that fairy scene, has employed the talents of our most eminent vocalists. Burlettas and ballets are to be substituted; and those are to be given upon a grand scale. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwilliam are already engaged; and Moncrief, instead of Planche, is to write and conduct the burlettas.

Dawes, the artist, who has for some time resided at St. Petersburg, where he was employed by the late Emperor Alexander, to paint the portraits of his distinguished generals, has, we hear, amassed a fortune of upwards of fifty thousand pounds.

Chateaubriand’s promised *Picture of Civilised America*.—‘It is,’ says the viscount, in his preface to the *Natchez*, ‘it is in the volume in which will be found the reminiscences of my travels in America, that, after delineating its wilds, I shall state what the new world has become, and what it has to expect of futurity. History will thus form a sequel to history, and the different subjects will not be intermingled.’

On the recent self-revelation of the great unknown:—

The author of *Waverley*, manifest grown,
Is henceforth not even a little unknown. G.D.

Fashionable Nomenclature.—‘An Utility’ is a young man who hates cards and dancing, yet is always ready to stand up in a quadrille, or take a hand at whist, when called upon by the lady of the house. ‘An Indispensable’ is one who takes care of gloves, fans, handkerchiefs, &c., hands ices and lemonade, assists in cloaking and shawling, and calls up the coach. ‘An Indefatigable’ is either a young gentleman just come out, or an old beau, who goes to three different parties every evening; dances indiscriminately with old and young, pretty and plain, plays on the fiddle, the flute, and the piano-forte; always arrives first, and stays till the wax-lights are twinkling in their sockets.—*Le Furet*.

A work, under the title of Absurdities, in prose and verse, with humorous designs by Alfred Crowquill, Esq., is on the eve of publication.

The Past.—The present may be directed, the future embellished, all nature may be modified except the past, which can never re-exist; it is to us the real nothing, a shadow which has no existence but in our remembrance.

Turner is at present engaged in engraving a portrait of General Bolivar, from a painting presented by him to Sir Robert Wilson.

The Rev. William Scoresby (late Captain Scoresby,) chaplain of the Mariners' Church at Liverpool, has been elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France, in the department of science.

Dr. Lyall, well known to our readers as the author of several valuable works, has received an appointment, from government, to the court of Radama, King of Madagascar. He has expressed his intention to devote his leisure hours, while there, to illustrate the natural history of the island.

During the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, several prophets used to assemble in Moorfields, and there hold forth as inspired, attended by a vast number of idle spectators. The then ministry ordered Powell, mentioned in the Spectator as the master of a puppet show, to make punch turn prophet; this had the desired effect, for it soon put an end to both prophet and prophecies.

Character of Diderot.—This philosopher, who, perhaps, however, does not merit so noble a name, since he was intolerant in his incredulity and almost absurdly fanatical in favour of the doctrine of annihilation, ought, with his fiery spirit, to have been even less disposed than other men to believe that the soul of man is merely material. Besides, his reputation seems to have outlived the greater part of his writings. They are more praised than read. He spoke better than he wrote: labour checked his imagination, and his writings rank far below those of our great authors; but in conversation he was gifted with a fervour which carried all before it. The power of his expressions, which he found without seeking for them, gave the hearer no opportunity to appreciate the justness or to detect the fallacy of his thoughts; they appeared great, because they were singular and clothed with images. He was the genius of paradox and the prophet of materialism.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
Mar. 9	36	40	34	29.29	Cloudy.
10	35	47	41	.. 81	Fair.
11	44	54	50	.. 58	Rain.
12	48	52	48	.. 80	Fair.
13	47	54	50	.. 89	Fair.
14	46	50	45	.. 82	Fair.
15	40	41	36	.. 62	Showers.

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TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

LIONEL is right. It has been long ago observed, that 'some authors spoil all subjects they attempt to write upon, in the same way that over-anxious ladies destroy a good complexion by daubing it with paint.'

Waterman Tom and Betty Jones, a comic song, bearing the name of T. Hood, which appeared in our journal three weeks ago, we are assured is not the production of that author.—This song has shared the fate of most of our original articles, and has been copied into many of the periodicals of the day.

A Reasonable Man in our next. Yreiffas is capable of writing poetry, but is unfortunate in his subjects. Much depends on the choice of a theme. We shall yet be glad to hear from him.

Our Cheltenham friend shall shortly receive a letter. Our numerous avocations prevent an instant reply.

Is A. A. serious? We can hardly persuade ourselves so, and hope for some further light upon the subject mentioned.

The desire of E. R. Y. to see himself in print shall be gratified; but we accede to his request, on condition that he make no similar solicitation:—

'I stood beside a river,
In a pensive mood,
And the waves did quiver,
For winds disturbed the flood;
And I thought how like this
Was unto my life;
Even as this dyke is
Have I been wrought to strife!
But, alas, the difference!
This will soon be calm,
Whilst I must quake and shiver hence,
And never know a balm!' E. R. Y.

We have derived no small pleasure from the communications of H., and were the subject of more general, or, rather, of more public interest, we would willingly insert his letter. We, too, could supply much similar information. There are many not born to blush, but who choose to bloom unseen, and who do not waste but expand their wit upon a chosen few. Such is W. S., now breathing the same air with a somewhat kindred spirit—the admirable Galt,—kindred we mean in ability—not so, certainly, in the direction of it. The first of genuine punsters, and with a talent for comic poetry, (and no small strength in the more serious and tender lines of composition,) which would enable him to rival the Smiths and Hoods of the day,—yet either through ill-health or indolence, he does nothing. Such also was the late J. C. W., a masculine and versatile genius, with 'a mind to comprehend the universe,' and capacity to encounter and overcome all difficulties in science and literature; who published a volume of poetry full of high promise and rare beauties,—who projected much, accomplished little, and died at New Orleans, (it is supposed by unfair means,) a wandering, motiveless, dissipated being.

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